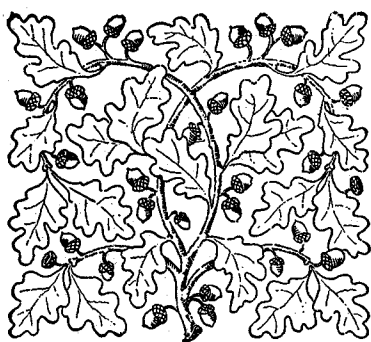


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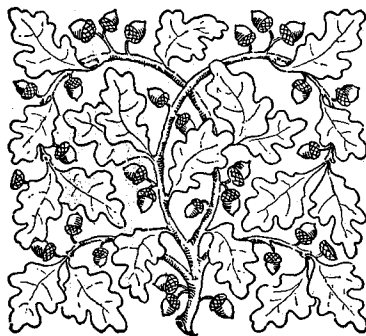
2 SEPTEMBER, 1893

# The Outlook

A·Family·Paper



NEW  
SERIES OF  
THE  
CHRISTIAN  
UNION



LIFE is not  
so short  
but that there  
is always time  
for courtesy.

EMERSON.

THE OUTLOOK CO. · CLINTON HALL · ASTOR PLACE  
NEW YORK

## EDUCATIONAL

The Catalogue or circular of any School in America (if issued) and the time-tables of the routes you would use in traveling from your home to the school, SENT FREE on request. Write, stating what school or what class of schools you wish to know about, addressing Educational Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, New York.

## New York City

**SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY**  
Oldest and best known in U. S.  
Established 1855. 3 East 14th Street, N. Y.

**THE REED SCHOOL**  
6, 8, 10 East 53d St., N. Y. 30th Year begins Oct. 3.  
Mrs. SYLVANUS REED, Resident.  
Mr. J. RAMSAY MONTZAMBERT, M.A., Head Master.  
Primary, Secondary, and Collegiate courses, including all studies required at university entrance examinations.

**Miss Barber and Miss Montfort's**  
**Morning Classes for Young Ladies.** Academic, Collegiate, and Special Courses. Oct. 4. 44 W. 34th St. N. Y.

**Miss Annie Brown's School for Girls**  
713, 715, 717 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.  
Primary, preparatory, and academic departments. Preparation for college. Special courses. Reopens October 4th.

**NEW YORK LAW SCHOOL**, 120 Broadway, New York City.—"Dwight method" of instruction; degree of LL.B. given after two years' course; graduate course now added; tuition fee, \$100. For catalogues, etc., address  
GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

**THE COMSTOCK SCHOOL**  
Family and Day School for Girls. 31st year begins Oct. 4th. Miss Day, Principal. 32 West 40th Street, N. Y.

**The Misses Ely's School for Girls**  
Riverside Drive, 84th and 86th Street, New York City.

**THE MISSES GRAHAM** (successors to the Misses Green) will reopen their boarding and day school for girls, October 4, at the new location, 176 West 72d St., cor. Amsterdam Ave., Sherman Square, N. Y.  
Miss GRAHAM at home after July 1.

**THE MISSES GRINNELL'S Day School for Girls**, 22 East 54th St., reopens Oct. 5. Primary, Intermediate, Academic, and Collegiate departments. Special courses. Kindergarten, Oct. 10.

**Mrs. Hazen's School for Girls**  
**Pelham Manor, New York.** Combined advantages of City and Country. Large, additional buildings. New equipment. Special students admitted. Reopens Sept. 28.

**TEACHERS' COLLEGE**, in alliance with Columbia College and Barnard College, offers university courses in pedagogy, leading to the degrees of A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. 9 University Place, N. Y. City.  
WALTER L. HERVEY, Pres.

**CLASSICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**.—Primary and advanced work. Certificates accepted by Wellesley and other Colleges. Delsarte Gymnastics.  
Principals LILA V. NORTH, EDITH H. GREGORY, ELIZABETH P. GETTY. 1961 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

55 West 47th St., New York City  
**MISS GIBBONS' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
Mrs. SARAH H. EMERSON, Principal. A few boarding pupils taken. Reopens Oct. 4.

**Collegiate School** FOUNDED 1633  
241-243 West 77th St., N. Y.  
Boys prepared for College, Scientific School, and for Business. Primary department. New School-house. Well-equipped Gymnasium. Military drill under U. S. Army officer.  
L. C. MYGATT, Head Master.

**Miss Peebles and Miss Thompson's**  
Boarding and Day School for Girls, 32 and 34 East 57th St., N. Y. City, reopens Thursday, Oct. 5th. Primary, Academic, and Collegiate Departments. Special students admitted.

**The New York Collegiate Institute**  
233 Lenox Ave., N. Y. Primary, Academic, and Collegiate Departments. Certificate admits to Wells, Smith, or Wellesley College. Rev. ALFRED C. ROE, Prin.

**UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL**  
Thirty-fifth Year begins Oct. 2, 1893. Confers LL.B.; also (for graduate course) LL.M. AUSTIN ABBOTT, Dean and Senior Professor. For Catalogues address  
**PROF. RUSSELL**,  
at University Building, or 120 Broadway, N. Y. City.

**MISS SPENCE'S Boarding and Day School for Girls**  
6 West 48th St., N. Y. City. Primary, Academic, and College Preparatory Courses. Special students admitted. No more than eight pupils constitute any class.

136 West 126th St., New York City  
**The Misses Smuller's Boarding and Day School for Girls.** Primary, Academic, and Advanced Classes. Special rates to daughters of Clergymen. Reopens Oct. 2d.

## New York City

**Miss Spring's School for Girls**  
121 East 36th St., near Park Ave., will reopen Sept. 28. Elocution, Drawing, and Calisthenics included in the course.

## Union Theological Seminary

## NEW YORK

The next Term will begin on Wednesday, September 27, 1893.  
Students desiring admission should meet the Faculty in the President's room, No. 700 Park Avenue, at 9:30 A.M. Rooms will be drawn at 2 P.M.  
On Thursday, Sept. 28, at 4 P.M., the Inauguration of Prof. ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT, D.D., as Washburn Professor of Church History, will take place in Adams Chapel. Dr. McGiffert will deliver his inaugural address and the charge will be given by the Rev. J. M. Ludlow, D.D. Prompt attendance upon the opening exercises is important.  
Luggage should be directed to 50 E. 70th St.

MADEMOISELLE VELTIN  
Day School for Girls

will reopen October 5, at its new, specially constructed fire-proof building,

160 AND 162 WEST 74th ST., N. Y.

**ACADEMIC CLASSES FOR GIRLS** 43 West 47th St., N. Y.  
Preparatory and Primary Departments. Individual instruction. Special attention to college preparation. Expert teachers in Classics, Mathematics, and Sciences. Native teachers in Modern Languages. Gymnasium. Resident students.  
MARY B. WHITON, A.B., and LOIS A. BANGS.

**The Misses Wreaks' School for Girls**  
21 EAST 74th ST., N. Y.  
Reopens Oct. 3d, 1893. Four resident pupils received.

Delightful home, board, and chaperonage to four young Ladies pursuing Music or Art Course in New York. Address X. Y. Z., 696 Madison Avenue.

## Canada

**COLIGNY COLLEGE OTTAWA, CANADA**  
For Young Ladies. Grounds large. Buildings have all modern conveniences. Thoroughly efficient staff. Cheerful home life. Terms, from \$155 per annum. Next Session begins Sept. 13th, 1893. For circulars, etc., address Rev. Dr. Warden, Box 1, 839, Post-Office, Montreal, Can.

## Connecticut

**THE CURTIS SCHOOL FOR YOUNG BOYS.**  
—\$500, 10th year. My 50-page circular tells what education means for a boy here. Formation of character stands first with us. No new boy over 13.  
FREDERICK S. CURTIS, Ph.B. (Yale '69),  
Brookfield Center, Conn.

ACADEMY AND HOME FOR  
10 BOYS

68th year of Academy, 14th of Home. Preparation for College or Business. Absolutely healthful location and genuine home, with refined surroundings. Gymnasium. References required.  
J. H. ROOT, Principal, Greenwich, Conn.

**Miss Burbank's Family and Day School FOR GIRLS**, 714 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn. Intermediate, Higher English and College Preparatory studies.

**HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT**  
**COLLINS STREET CLASSICAL SCHOOL**  
Established in 1885. Thorough preparation for College. Six teachers; sixty scholars. Boarding pupils \$500 and \$600. LEWIS F. REID, Ph.D., CHARLES C. STEARNS, M.A.,  
Principals and Proprietors.

**WOODSIDE SEMINARY, Hartford, Conn.**  
(in the suburbs).—Every advantage for culture, study, and health. Terms, \$500 to \$600. Number limited. Reopens Sept. 27th. Miss SARA J. SMITH, Prin.

YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Term opens Sept. 28. The School offers many University advantages. For catalogues or information address Prof. GEORGE B. STEVENS, New Haven, Conn.

**Miss Baird's Institute for Girls**  
**NORWALK, CONN.**—22d year. Primary, Intermediate, and College Preparatory courses. Music, Art, and the Languages. Careful attention to morals and manners. New building steam heat, gymnasium.

**Boxwood Boarding and Day School for Girls**  
**OLD LYME, CONN.**  
Will reopen Sept. 20th, 1893. Mrs. R. S. GRISWOLD.

**ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL, Waterbury, Conn.**—10th year opens Sept. 20, 1893. The Rev. FRANCIS T. RUSSELL, M.A., Rector.  
Miss MARY R. HILLARD, Prin.

**YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE WINDSOR, CONN.**  
A Home School for Girls of all ages. Wellesley and Smith receive its pupils on certificate. An excellent corps of teachers, each a specialist in her own department. Terms, \$350 to \$500. Miss J. S. WILLIAMS, Prin.

## District of Columbia

## MT. VERNON SEMINARY

M AND ELEVENTH STREETS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

A school thoroughly modern in methods and spirit. Its two Preparatory Courses give pupils the choice of fitting for admission to college or to our own Collegiate Course. This two years' course consists of selections from the college curriculum, adapted to the needs of those who desire a training more thorough and systematic than can be obtained in the typical boarding-school, but who desire also to avoid the strain of a full college course. Special emphasis is given to English Language, Literature, and Composition; Modern Languages; Natural Science; Art and the History of Art; General History; American Political History; Physical and Vocal Culture, and Music.  
Nineteenth year begins Tuesday, October third. For further information address  
(Mrs.) ELIZABETH J. SOMERS, Principal.

## Illinois

## Chicago Theological Seminary

Next term opens Nov. 1, 1893. Students who wish to attend the World's Fair can have rooms Oct. 17; and if they matriculate Nov. 1, the charges for the two preceding weeks will be reduced to \$1.25 per week.  
Candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity must present college diplomas, or pass written examinations on college studies.  
Ten hours of prescribed work and four of elective each week. Opportunity to earn money for necessary expenses by doing city mission work. For further information address  
H. W. CHESTER,  
81 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

## THE LORING SCHOOL

University-Preparatory. (Established 1876.)  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
Young Ladies and Children. For further particulars address THE LORING SCHOOL, 2435 Prairie Ave., Chicago

## Rockford College for Women

45th year begins Sept. 13, 1893. College course and excellent preparatory school. Specially organized departments of music and art. Four well-equipped laboratories. Good, growing library. Fine gymnasium. Resident physician. Memorial Hall enables students to much reduce expenses. For catalogue address  
SARAH F. ANDERSON, Prin.,  
Lock Box 9, Rockford, Ill.

## Kansas

## WASHBURN COLLEGE

TOPEKA, KANSAS. For both sexes. Facilities excellent. Expenses reasonable. Fall term begins Sept. 13. PETER MCVICAR, Pres.

## Maine

MISS ALLEN AND MISS GREEFF'S  
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Opens October 4th, at 2 Gray St.,  
PORTLAND, the Largest City in Maine  
Healthful climate. Beautiful situation on Casco Bay. School located in most desirable part of the city. College preparatory and advanced courses. French and German, with Foreign Teachers. Excellent musical advantages. Careful attention to social culture. Prospectus on application.

## Maryland

## THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE

Rev. JOHN F. GOUCHER, D.D., President  
An institution of Highest Grade for the liberal education of Young Women. Several regular College courses leading to the degree of B.A. Select courses, combining Literary or Scientific studies with Music, Art, Voice Training and Physical Training. All departments in charge of specialists. The next session will begin September 19th. For Program address  
The Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.

## Michigan

## The Detroit Home and Day School

Sixteenth year opens Sept. 20. Twenty-five received into the school family. Certificate of Classical Course admits to Vassar, Wellesley, and the University of Michigan. Advanced English Course offers special advantages. Miss ELLA M. LIGGETT, Prin., Detroit, Mich.

## Massachusetts

Oak Grove Home School for Girls  
AMHERST, MASS.

Miss VRYLING W. BUFFUM, A.B., Principal.  
MRS. R. G. WILLIAMS'S  
SELECT FAMILY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS  
AMHERST, MASS. (in the Suburbs)  
Opens Sept. 20, 1893.

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS  
**ABBOT ACADEMY for Young Ladies**  
Begins its 65th year September 14th, offering enlarged opportunities. Three Seminary Courses of studies and a College fitting Course. Address  
Miss LAURA S. WATSON, Principal.

## Massachusetts

**MITCHELL'S BOYS' SCHOOL.** Eighteen miles from Boston, B. & L. R. R. Strictly Select Family School. \$500 per year. Admits ages from 7 to 15, inclusive. Special care and training to young boys. Fits for college, technology, and business. Send for circular to M. C. MITCHELL, Principal, Billerica, Mass.

40 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. (Y. W. C. A.)

## Boarding and Day School of Domestic Science

with Departments for Industrial Arts and Christian Workers, opens its sixth year Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1893. Special attention given to preparing Secretaries and other Christian helpers for Y. W. C. A. work. For circular apply to Miss RENA CHAMPNEY, Principal of School.

18 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

**Miss Frances V. Emerson**  
Successor to Miss Abby H. Johnson, HOME AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. 19th year opens October 4, 1893.

## Eastern Teachers' Agency

50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.  
No charge to school officials for teachers.  
E. F. FOSTER, Manager.

**THE COMMONWEALTH AVENUE SCHOOL**  
—Home and Day School for Girls. College Preparatory, Regular and Elective Courses. The Misses GILMAN, Principals. Circulars sent on application.  
324 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.

5 Otis Place, Boston, Mass.

## Mr. Hale's School

FOR BOYS

Fits for Harvard and for the Institute of Technology; preparation for Harvard both on the usual classical plan and on the plan which gives prominence to modern languages and physical science. The latter plan forms a fine preparation for the Institute. Tenth year will begin Sept. 27. Circulars. ALBERT HALE.

**THE MISSES HUBBARD** will reopen their School for Girls on Tuesday, October 3, 1893. A limited number of boarding pupils will be received into the family. 112 Newbury St., Boston.

## CONCORD HOME SCHOOL

CONCORD, MASS.

25 boys prepared for college, scientific school, or business. All the advantages of family life combined with best mental and physical training. Buildings new and according to latest models. Four masters. 75 acres of ground. Year opens Sept. 20. JAMES S. GARLAND, Principal.

## Housatonic Hall School

FOR GIRLS

AMONG THE BERKSHIRE HILLS  
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

Absolutely healthful location and genuine home. Special advantages in Music. Resident French teacher. Physical culture. Cooking lessons if desired. Certificate admits to Wellesley. School reopens Sept. 10th. Address Miss WARREN and Mrs. STEVENS.

**SEDGWICK INSTITUTE** Great Barrington, Berkshire Co., Mass.  
A select home school for young men and boys. Students are members of the Principal's family, and receive constant personal attention.  
E. J. VAN LENNEP, Principal.

## THE ROGERS HALL SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS

LOWELL, MASS.

Mrs. E. P. UNDERHILL, M.A., Principal.

**ASHLEY HALL** Home School for Twenty Young Ladies. Ten Miles from Boston.  
Music, Art, and Languages. Thorough preparation for college. Miss WHITTEMORE, Principal, Montvale, Mass.

## Wheaton Seminary

FOR GIRLS

NORTON, MASS.

The fall term of the 50th year begins Sept. 14, 1893. Best of home influences. Excellent sanitary arrangements. Fine Library, Laboratory, Observatory, and Cabinets. Send for Illustrated Prospectus to Miss A. E. STANTON, Principal, Norton, Mass.

**HOME SCHOOL FOR 30 BOYS. DUMMER ACADEMY,** South Byfield, Essex Co., Mass. 130th year. Fits for any College or Scientific School. Farm of over 300 acres belongs to and adjoins Academy grounds. Good facilities for salt-water bathing and boating. Tutoring done through the summer. Address JOHN W. PERKINS, Master.

## Wellesley Home School for Boys

WELLESLEY, MASS.

Fits for college. Terms, \$500. Rev. EDW. A. BENNER.

## Massachusetts

**Ashby Hall** Springfield, Mass.,  
Cor. Worthington and Bowdoin Sts.  
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, reopens Sept. 20th. College preparatory course. Music, Art, Literature. Miss DIXON, B.A., } Principals.  
Miss LILIAN DIXON, }

**HOWARD SEMINARY** WEST BRIDGEWATER, Plymouth Co., Mass.  
A Home School for Girls, limited to fifty. Prepares and certifies students for the Colleges; offers thorough seminary training, with wide choice in electives (including Music, Art and Languages); excellent advantages for Home Culture; fine buildings with Library, Gymnasium, and Laboratory; location quiet, healthful, accessible. Send for illustrated circular to HORACE MANN WILLARD, A.M., Principal.

**WESLEYAN ACADEMY** WILBRAHAM, MASS.  
Both Sexes. Nine Courses. Specialists in Classics, Art, and Music. Enlarged endowment insures superior advantages at moderate expense. Seventy-seventh year opens Sept. 13. For Catalogue, address Rev. WM. R. NEWHALL, Principal.

**THE HOME SCHOOL** MISS KIMBALL'S School for Girls WORCESTER, MASS.  
Wide-awake, thorough, progressive. College Preparatory and special Courses. Send for illustrated circular.

**THE HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY,** Worcester, Mass.—Begins 38th year Sept. 13th. Classical, Scientific, Business, Preparatory Departments. Gymnasium. Athletics encouraged. Careful training. Home Influences. JOSEPH ALDEN SHAW, A.M., Head Master.

**WORCESTER ACADEMY.**  
A Boys' School of the highest grade. 60th year begins Sept. 6th. Thorough preparation for any College or Scientific School. Certificate admits to various colleges. THREE NEW BUILDINGS:  
**SCHOOL HOUSE,** admirably equipped with laboratories, libraries and superb GYMNASIUM.  
**DORMITORY,** rooms en suite, with every modern improvement, including first-class in each room. Isolated and perfectly fitted infirmary. Resident trained nurse.  
**DINING HALL,** unexcelled in beauty of structure. All buildings heated by steam. Ample playgrounds. D. W. ABERCROMBIE, A. M., Prin., Worcester, Mass.

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## COLBY ACADEMY

New London, N. H.

Health and education in a beautiful New England town, 1,400 feet above the sea. Building heated by steam. Annual Students \$200. Send for a catalogue. Rev. GEO. W. GILE, President.

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**BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE,** Bordentown, N. J.—Between New York and Philadelphia. Solid foundations in English Academic Studies. Prepares for College, Scientific Schools, and Business. Music. U. S. Drill Regulations. Capt. T. D. LANDON, Com'd't. Rev. T. H. LANDON, A.M., Prin.

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BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.

Home and College-Preparatory School for Young Ladies. Established 1861. Mrs. J. ALLEN MAXWELL, Principal.

**SEVEN GABLES** BRIDGETON, N. J.  
Mrs. Westcott's Boarding School  
for Young Ladies and Girls. Native French and German teacher. Certificate admits to Smith College. Gymnasium. Climate mild and dry. Illustrated circular.

**ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY**  
**COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
Fourteenth year opens September 26. Preparation for college a specialty. Advanced and optional courses of study. CAROLINE M. GERRISH, A.B.

**THE ENGLEWOOD SCHOOL FOR BOYS** (Incorporated 1890).—Preparatory to leading colleges; exceptional advantages for a few boarding pupils. W. WILBERFORCE SMITH, A.M., Prin., Englewood, N. J.

**FREEHOLD (N.J.) INSTITUTE** 50th Year.  
Boys' Boarding School. Primary, College Preparatory, and Business Courses. A. A. CHAMBERS, A.M., Principal.

**PEDDIE INSTITUTE** Hightstown, N. J.  
First-class school for both sexes. New catalogue with full information now ready. 26th year opens Sept. 6th. Rev. JOSEPH E. PERRY, Ph.D., Principal.

**THE OAKS** LAKEWOOD, New Jersey.  
The Misses Farrington reopen October 4th. College preparation or special courses. Circulars and leaflets on application.

**LAKEWOOD HEIGHTS SCHOOL** LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY  
**AMONG THE PINES.** A thorough and attractive School for Boys. JAMES W. MOREY.

**MONTCLAIR MILITARY ACADEMY,** 14 miles from N. Y. 776 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N. J. College and business preparation. Cadets live in cottages, enjoying Christian influences and avoiding the evils of dormitory life. J. G. MACVICAR, A.M., Prin.

## New Jersey

## THE HITCHCOCK-MARSH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Opens Sept. 27. 66 Plymouth St., Montclair, N. J.

**MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY**  
**MISS DANA'S** School for girls reopens September 20th. College preparation. Resident native French and German teachers. Special advantages in music and art. Terms for boarding pupils, \$700 per year. Circulars sent on application.

**MOUNT HOLLY (N. J.) ACADEMY,** Home School for boys of all ages. Prepares for College, Scientific School, or business. Catalogues. Rev. JAS. J. COALE, A.M. (Princeton), Prin.

**MISS TOWNSEND'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,** 54 Park Place, Newark, New Jersey, reopens September 27. Best advantages. College preparation. Circulars sent on application.

**The Misses Anable's English, French, and German Boarding and Day School** NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY  
College Preparation, Art, and Music. Apply for circulars

**NEWTON (N. J.) INSTITUTE,** 40th year. 800 feet elevation. Beautiful, healthful, select Home School for Boys. Elementary, English Classics, Commercial, French, German, Music, Typewriting, etc. Steam heat, plunge bath, bowling-alley, gymnasium. Extensive grounds; equestrian department; beautiful ponies. Illustrated Catalogue. J. WILSON A.M., Prin.

**THE HENRY C. DE MILLE PREPARATORY BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS,** Pompton, N. J., opens Oct. 3d, 1893. Full classical and scientific courses. The modern languages, theory of music, and complete course in art and physical culture included in regular school work. No extras. Gymnasium. Grounds of 76 acres. Send for catalogue to Mrs. H. C. DE MILLE.

**FIRST-CLASS BOARDERS WANTED.**—Reduced rates from September 1; house on best street in town; four minutes from depot; rooms large and pleasant; fine lawn; plenty of shade; one of the healthiest towns in State; good water; fine drainage; elegant drives; fifty minutes from New York, Erie main line; seventy trains a day. For particulars address Box 213, Ridgewood, N. J.

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**Miss Elizabeth North's Home School** FOR YOUNG GIRLS reopens September 21st, 1893.

**Dupuy School for Boys** TRENTON, N. J.  
A school for backward boys. Only four boarding pupils. For circulars address E. D. MONTANYE, Master.

## New York

## ALFRED UNIVERSITY

Alfred Center, Allegany Co., N. Y.

Seven departments. Co-education. Pleasant location. Expenses moderate. Opens September 5. ARTHUR E. MAIN, President.

## AUBURN

## THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

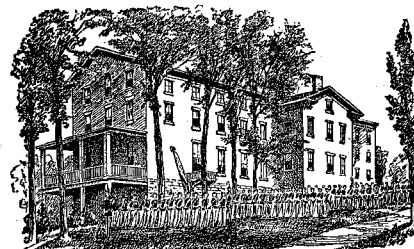
The term opens Sept. 20, 1893. That evening the Rev. TIMOTHY G. DARLING, D.D., will be inaugurated Richards Professor of Christian Theology. The services will be conducted by the President of the Board of Commissioners, and the charge is to be given by the Rev. Geo. C. VEISLEY, D.D.

On the 10th of October the Rev. HENRY M. BOOTH, D.D., is to be inaugurated President of the Seminary. For catalogues send to Rev. WILLIS J. BEECHER, Clerk of Faculty, Albany, N. Y.

## Wells College for Women

AURORA, N. Y.

Three Full Courses of Study. Location beautiful and healthful. New Building with Modern Improvements. Session begins September 20, 1893. Send for Catalogue. E. S. FRISBEE, D.D., President.



AURORA, N. Y.

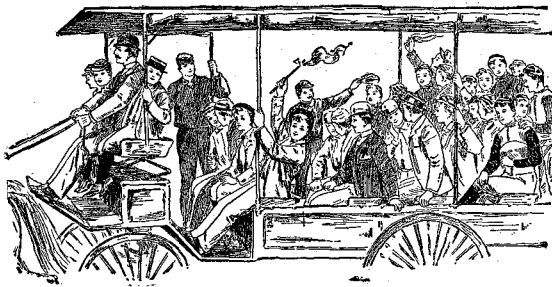
## Cayuga Lake Military Academy

Fall term begins Sept. 13, 1893. For illustrated circular address

Col. C. J. WRIGHT, B.S., A.M., } Principals.  
or ALFRED K. MCALPINE, A.M., }

**THE MISSES BODMAN'S Boarding and Day School** for Girls will reopen on October 2d, in larger quarters at 36 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(For other advertisements in this department see following page.)



Our boys going to the Athletic Field after their day's work—but some get left sometimes.

## THE SIGLAR SCHOOL, Newburgh-on-Hudson, N. Y.

You have a little boy whom by and by you expect to send to college. This is for you; and now is the time to read it, while he is a little boy. I actually propose that you send me that boy at eight.

"What! to prepare for college?"

No; to bring up, to let him grow as he ought to grow, till the time comes when he ought to prepare for college. You think him a baby yet; his mother, especially, calls him her darling and smothers him. His father is too busy to do much for him; couldn't anyhow. Both with the best of intentions. You are doing the best you know how, but you are wasting your boy. American boys are notoriously ill-mannered and backward. Everybody sees it in everybody else's children.

"Do you think my boy is going to leave his mother at eight years of age?"

I think, if he don't, he will lose the good growth of both body and mind that belongs to the age of eight to fifteen; but he will grow. You can't keep a boy from growing; if he don't grow right, he grows wrong; and you probably think he is doing well when he is only growing sappy.

"I don't agree with you. My boy needs a mother's love. I don't approve of straining the mind so young."

You are begging the question. Letting him grow as he ought to grow, and guiding him, helping him, is not straining his mind; it is training both mind and body; doing it right. A mother's love does nothing but harm to a boy when misdirected; when wisely directed, it gives him the soil and culture to grow in and with.

My school is not nearly so good as it might be; there are better in some respects; but I know of no other that does the best things for a boy so well. The five best things I can think of for every boy are: (1) to keep him well; (2) happy; (3) growing right, mind and body; (4) getting the use of both, and (5) learning what belongs to his age. Some schools do the softer parts; some do the harder parts. I know of no other that seems to do all five so well. I want to do them still better; I hope to create a demand for better bringing-up of children than can be got in any home.

But I can't argue the question here; I do in my pamphlet. If you want to know what we do with boys and why we do it, send for that pamphlet. You may not agree with it—no harm done. My rate is \$600 a year; no extras. We begin Sept. 12.

HENRY W. SIGLAR.

## OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Courses for degrees in Arts, Philosophy, Science; in Agriculture, Horticulture and Forestry, Veterinary Medicine, Pharmacy; in Civil, Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; in Industrial Art; and in law. Special courses allowed. Postgraduate courses for the Master's and Doctor's degrees. A catalogue will be sent on application.

### New York

#### Granger Place School for Young Ladies

Canandaigua, N. Y. Established 1876. Year begins Sept. 20th. Preparatory, Academic, and Collegiate departments. Certificates accepted by leading Colleges and Universities. CAROLINE A. COMSTOCK, President.

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## Contents, 2 September, 1893

|                                  | PAGE |                                  | PAGE |
|----------------------------------|------|----------------------------------|------|
| COVER SENTIMENT:                 |      | Six Red Apples. By Mary Al-      |      |
| By Emerson.....                  | 413  | laire.....                       | 437  |
| THE WEEK.....                    | 419  | SUNDAY AFTERNOON:                |      |
| EDITORIAL:                       |      | Tennyson and St. Paul on the     |      |
| A Monometallist's Criticism..... | 422  | Goal of the Creation. By the     |      |
| Free Education in England.....   | 423  | Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D. 438 |      |
| A Rule of Growth.....            | 424  | Paul at Rome. By Lyman Ab-       |      |
| CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:            |      | bott.....                        | 440  |
| Criticism as an Educational      |      | THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:             |      |
| Force. By Hamilton W. Mabie..... | 425  | Dr. McGlynn and the Pope;        |      |
| One Solution of the Problem of   |      | The Christian Workers' Home;     |      |
| City Government. By Mor-         |      | Christian Unity at Chautau-      |      |
| rison I Swift.....               | 426  | qua; A Church Colony; The        |      |
| Uncle Remus and Folk-Lore.       |      | American Church in Paris; A      |      |
| By Fanny D. Bergen.....          | 427  | Ladies' Settlement; A Dea-       |      |
| Hamlet's Elsinore. By Daniel     |      | coness Institution.....          | 441  |
| K. Dodge.....                    | 428  | Gleanings.....                   | 442  |
| The Greater Glory. — XVII.,      |      | Ministerial Personals.....       | 442  |
| XVIII. By Maarten Maartens. 429  |      | BOOKS AND AUTHORS:               |      |
| THE HOME:                        |      | Dr. Ward and the Catholic        |      |
| The Average Woman.....           | 433  | Revival.....                     | 443  |
| Scallop-Shells and their Uses.   |      | Minor Notices.....               | 443  |
| By S. A. Allen.....              | 433  | Literary Notes.....              | 444  |
| A Specimen Weakness.....         | 434  | Books Received.....              | 444  |
| Baby's First Wardrobe. By        |      | WITH OUR READERS:                |      |
| Mary A. Allen, M.D.....          | 435  | I.—Correspondence.....           | 445  |
| Concerning Care-Taking. By       |      | II.—Notes and Queries.....       | 445  |
| M. F. Butts.....                 | 435  | FINANCIAL.....                   | 448  |
| A Soldier of France. By Eleanor  |      | ABOUT PEOPLE.....                | 450  |
| Lewis.....                       | 436  | BITS OF FUN.....                 | 451  |

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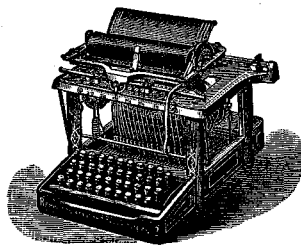
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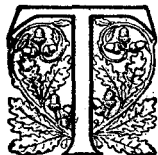
Volume 48

For Week ending 2 September, 1893

Number 10



## The Week



THE majorities against the silver amendments to the Wilson repeal bill largely exceeded not only the expectations but the predictions of the anti-silver leaders. Never, probably, has the country witnessed such sudden fluctuations in the expressions of opinion. Not only had the free coinage men in the last House found themselves with an absolute majority, but in the present House, within the last two weeks, says Mr. Fitch, of New York, there was one time when there was a majority of five against unconditional repeal. The rapidity with which this was changed to a majority of 130 in favor of unconditional repeal indicates how unsettled is the condition of public opinion upon this question, as well as how strong was the organization of the anti-silver forces, backed by the Administration, the metropolitan press, the Boards of Trade, and, above all, the presence of a panic and the desire to do something immediately to restore confidence. The first amendment proposed was that restoring the free coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1; 100 Democrats, 13 Republicans, and 11 Populists voted Yes; 114 Democrats and 112 Republicans voted No. All of the Republicans in favor of this amendment, except Post, of Illinois, Aitken, of Michigan, and Murray (negro), of South Carolina, came from west of the Mississippi River. The majorities against free coinage at the compromise ratios of 17 to 1, 18 to 1, and 19 to 1, were still larger, all of the Populists and 15 Democrats and Republicans, under the leadership of Bryan, of Nebraska, repudiating an increase in the size of the silver dollar as a perpetuation of the wrong which its demonetization had inflicted. The amendment which received the largest vote was that declaring that the repeal of the Sherman Act should be followed by the revival of the Bland-Allison Act which preceded it. Here 112 Democrats, 15 Republicans and 9 Populists voted Yes, and 103 Democrats and 110 Republicans voted No. On the final question of unconditional repeal 26 Democrats, who had voted for free coinage at the old ratio, gave their votes for the Administration measure, while 12 Republicans, who had voted against free coinage, voted against the establishment of gold monometallism. The division by parties of the final vote was as follows: For unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, 140 Democrats and 100 Republicans; against such repeal, 74 Democrats, 25 Republicans, and 11 Populists. For convenience of reference the following table is appended:

|                         | Yeas. | Nays. | Majority. |
|-------------------------|-------|-------|-----------|
| 16 to 1 .....           | 124   | 226   | 102       |
| 17 to 1 .....           | 100   | 240   | 140       |
| 18 to 1 .....           | 103   | 239   | 136       |
| 19 to 1 .....           | 104   | 238   | 134       |
| 20 to 1 .....           | 121   | 222   | 101       |
| Bland-Allison Act ..... | 136   | 213   | 77        |
| Final passage .....     | 240   | 110   | 130       |

Such was the vote in the House of Representatives upon the most important question that has been before it since

the conclusion of the Rebellion. Throughout the debate this importance was keenly realized. Party lines went for nothing; even Mr. Reed's partisan speech was enthusiastically applauded by the Administration Democrats, because it meant votes for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act. On the other hand, any speaker, whether Republican, Democrat, or Populist, who declared that as a loyal party man he could not repudiate his party pledges and vote to establish gold monometallism, was sure to be applauded by every friend of the continuance of silver issues. The lines were not sharply drawn between theoretical monometallism and theoretical bimetallism. A great many members declared that they voted for the stoppage of the silver issues as the best method of securing bimetallism. Such declarations were always received with applause by the monometallists and with chagrin by the great body of free-silver advocates. Nobody seemed much to care what a member thought about the future policy; the only question was how he would vote on the measure before him. At the conclusion of the debate Mr. Bland, apparently recognizing that defeat was certain, declared himself ready to join in a movement which should lead to the breaking up of the present political parties and the formation of a new silver party, "even though Democracy would have to go to the wall."



The important speeches last week were mainly by anti-silver men. Mr. Fellows, of New York, did not make the expected reply to Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, but the speeches of Mr. Bourke Cockran, of this city, and Mr. Reed, of Maine, were easily the first oratorical efforts of the week. Mr. Cockran took the bold ground that inasmuch as the banks are debtors to their depositors, the free coinage of silver would make a present to the banks of New York of \$21,000,000, and at the same time cut down the wages of labor throughout the country by 45 per cent. Mr. Reed's positions were less bold and more tenable. He would vote for the repeal of the Sherman Act, he said, for two reasons. "First, because, whether justly or not, the Sherman law is believed to be the cause of the unreasonable hoarding of currency throughout the country; and second, because only by repeal could a nation hope to attract foreign capital." The strongest argument, however, in favor of unconditional repeal was made by neither of these orators, but by Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts. Mr. Walker defended the gold standard, and declared that no class had been injured by it. His argument was as follows:

"A day's labor of the average worker is the true measure of value. . . . All economists agree that 1860 was the dividing line of the century. In 1860 the same average day's work that commanded \$100 in gold now commands \$168 in gold. The relative decrease in the use of gold in commerce and the increased efficiency of the more modern chemical and mechanical appliances has so cheapened gold that where an average day's labor commanded 23.22 grains of gold in 1860, now in the shop, in the factory, in the gold mine, the silver mine, coal, and every other mine, the same day's work will command 39.15 grains of gold. Not only is this true of the United States, but the same per-

centage of increase in gold wages holds in every leading country in the world. The wages men get to-day being 68.6 per cent. more in gold measure than they received in 1860 in every leading nation clearly shows that gold has depreciated 40.69 per cent., measured by the labor of man."

This argument has weight with many disinterested minds, and is not to be put aside because the great monometalists have rejected it as unsound. Undoubtedly in the cities among progressive nations the wages of labor have increased, not only since 1860, but since 1873, when silver was demonetized. If the wages of the average worker ought to remain the same, no matter what the increase in the efficiency of labor, then Mr. Walker is right in saying that gold has depreciated. But such is not the dictum of justice. Wages ought to increase as the productiveness of labor increases. The same amount of money ought always to represent the same amount of products, the same amount of property. Those who engaged in past production are entitled to the property their labor produced—no more and no less. If that property happens to be in the form of money, its value ought neither to be increased nor decreased by process of law. Indeed all loans are between property-owners, and the equities of the case demand that the same amount of money should represent the same amount of property, no matter whether wages go up or down. Mr. Walker's mistakes of fact are of less importance; 1850 is economically the dividing line of the century. The extraordinary rise in wages took place between that date and 1875; that is, during the period when the currency supply increased rapidly enough to prevent a fall in prices. Since the early seventies both agricultural and mining wages have positively fallen off.

⊗

In the Senate the interesting debate of the week was upon the resolution offered by Mr. Pepper, of Kansas, directing the Comptroller of the Currency to report to the Senate to what extent the national banks in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were being conducted in violation of the law; whether such banks or any of them were refusing to pay depositors in lawful money; and what rates of interest they were charging upon loans and discounts. Senator Pepper afterwards explained that he meant this resolution simply as a resolution of inquiry, and not as an order that the Comptroller should enforce the law regulating the banks. Yet his resolution was immediately attacked as if it were an order to the Comptroller directing him to close all national banks not maintaining the reserve stipulated in the law. The opponents of the resolution demanded its reference to the Finance Committee, but several Western and Southern Senators objected to such a smothering of the inquiry. To the surprise of nearly every one, Senator Hill joined those who insisted that the inquiry should be made, and the facts laid before the public. It is to be regretted that no action was reached. Inasmuch as the Pepper resolution was opposed in Washington on the ground that so many of the banks were not complying with the letter of the law, and was opposed in New York on the ground that nearly all were complying, it would be interesting to know the facts. It would be especially interesting to know whether any banks, as reported in the New York press, have refused to pay depositors in currency, while selling it at a premium either to the money brokers or over their own counters. Sooner or later the investigation should be made. Two days after this debate Senator Hill addressed the Senate on the subject of bimetallism. He declared himself strongly against universal gold monometallism, urging that this meant the "halving of the old bimetallic money measure of value and the doubling of

the purchasing power of a new gold money measure upon all the wages of labor, all the fruits of labor, all the debts of labor, for the benefit of the creditor class of a creditor State." He announced, however, that he would vote for the stoppage of our present silver issues.

⊗

The "Investors' Review"—the new English monthly, published by the Longmans under the authoritative editorship of Mr. A. J. Wilson—contains in its August number the first comprehensive account we have seen of the action of the Indian Government in stopping the free coinage of silver. This action was due, says this article, simply to the desire of the Indian Administration to prevent the continued lowering of salaries of the British officials in India, and to enable the Indian Government, whose receipts are in silver rupees, to discharge its foreign obligations, which are in gold pounds. The step was not taken because silver had furnished a redundant or cheap currency for India. "No proof has been afforded that the rupee has depreciated in India. . . . It was not to redress a domestic grievance that the Government demanded the suspension of its mints, but solely to protect its treasuries and to recoup European officials for their losses on remitted money." The Indian Government has to meet payments in England amounting to from \$85,000,000 to \$100,000,000 in gold annually. It is unable to increase taxes, and unwilling to reduce expenditures, and, therefore, has resorted to "a trick of currency" to give the rupees, in which it is paid, an artificial value. The Government, Sir William Harcourt has assured the House of Commons, has never "dreamed of introducing a gold currency into India." It proposes to buy silver bullion at its market value, just as the American Government did under the Bland Bill, and to sell the rupees at the coin value fixed by itself. The article in the "Investors' Review" not only predicts that the experiment will fall through, but condemns it as betraying "absolute indifference" to what befalls the Indian trade, or the bulk of the Indian population. "If the device were to succeed," it says, "it would have the effect of heavily fining the Indian population at large, and compelling every debtor—and India is a land of debtors—to liquidate his debt at a greater cost to himself. Seeing how slender his resources are (the average earnings of Indian workmen are not so much as two shillings a week), and seeing how firmly he is already in the grip of a native usurer, this trick amounts to shameful cruelty toward the millions on whose back our Empire rests." Such an article, appearing in this magazine, and following so closely upon Mr. Balfour's denunciation of the action of the Indian Government, and followed so closely by the failure of that Government to sustain the silver rupee at the artificial price first fixed, indicates there is a chance that the recent action may be reversed unless the United States, by the adoption of gold monometallism, shall further depress the value of silver, and make it more difficult for the Indian Government either to maintain "a gold standard without a gold currency" or to re-open its mints to a really depreciated metal.

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By the time this issue of The Outlook is in the hands of its readers the final stage of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons will have been reached, and by the middle of next week the measure will be before the House of Lords. The last stage but one in the House of Commons came to an end on Friday, when the proceedings on the report of the Committee of the Whole House were terminated. The closure was applied in order to expedite this stage of the measure; but it cannot be contended that

ample time for discussion was not allowed the Unionists on the report stage. Three weeks were almost exclusively given up to it, and the Unionists had fair opportunities for offering such new clauses and amendments as were in order on report stage. They took full advantage of all these opportunities, and succeeded in raising anew a number of the questions which were discussed in Committee. The net result of all the new clauses and amendments submitted to the House both by the Government and the Opposition has been but little practical change in the measure, and about the most noteworthy feature of the three weeks' discussion has been the great improvement in the tone and temper of the House as compared with the tone and temper in Committee. Scenes like those which marked the progress through Committee have not been altogether wanting; but they have been very much less frequent than in the earlier stage; and Liberal journals have conceded that the new clauses moved from the Tory benches were as a rule legitimate attempts to improve the bill from a Tory point of view. Even the Radicals admitted that there was some ground for the complaint of the Unionists that, of the thirty-seven clauses contained in the bill as it left Committee, only seven or eight had been adequately discussed. The Unionists have been disposed to make much of the free use of the closure and of the Radical admissions as to inadequate discussion in Committee; but the Government has greatly weakened this part of the Unionist case against the bill by the latitude it allowed the Opposition in the discussion on report from Committee. Some great speeches, covering the entire case for and against Home Rule, may be expected on third reading stage; but the bill will now go to the House of Lords without any material alteration, as none but verbal amendments are allowable on third reading. The final vote in the House of Commons will be the most important from a historical point of view of any of the scores of divisions which have taken place on the bill. It will be more important than the vote on second reading; for in the interval between the second reading vote and the end of the report stage two by-elections have gone against Mr. Gladstone, and three or four of his supporters have deserted him on the questions of the retention of the Irish Members at Westminster and the constitution of the Upper Chamber of the Irish Legislature. The second reading was carried by a vote of forty-two; it is not likely that the majority by which the bill will be sent to the House of Lords will exceed thirty-five or thirty-six.

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It is useless to inquire which Government began the tariff war now going on between Germany and Russia. Each holds the theory that its own industries can be benefited by injuring the industries of the other, and each gladly avails itself of any act of hostility on the part of the other to excuse a retaliatory act still more injurious. In this way a higher tariff on one side of the Vistula has led to a still higher tariff on the other, and the protectionists of the two countries, instead of being real opponents of each other, have played into each other's hands. Each nation has increased by about fifty per cent. its tariff upon the products of the other, and the protective tax thus imposed gets a certain popular support from the fact that it has been enacted for the sake of retaliation. Of course Russian manufacturers are being protected as never before by the higher taxes on German manufactures, and German landlords are being protected as never before by the higher taxes on Russian cereals. But meanwhile the lawful trade between the two countries has been seriously

injured, while the smuggling across the border is reported to have also increased seriously. The Government organs in Germany are making light of these injuries, but the opposition papers are exaggerating them into great catastrophes. The fact that the new German tax upon Russian grain has not been followed by higher prices for grain in Germany is pointed at by critics of the new measures as proof that they have not been effective. This, however, is a bad argument, even though it is used in a good cause. The price of grain is lower in Germany for the same reason that it is lower everywhere. The new tariff has simply been unable to neutralize the universal fall in prices. A curious and perhaps important side issue in the struggle is that Austria and Russia have been negotiating for a new commercial treaty, and it is reported that such a treaty has been completed, putting Austrian subjects who trade with Russia on the same favored footing with the French, while German subjects are being subjected to the higher duties just recounted. If Austria has made any such arrangement as this with the arch-enemy of the triple alliance it greatly lessens the apparent firmness of the ties between Germany, Austria, and Italy.

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Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, died on Wednesday morning of last week, at the age of seventy-five. As he had no children, the succession passes to his nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, who has already been formally recognized as ruler of the country by the Diet. Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is one of the group of small sovereign states lying almost in the center of Germany, and known as Saxon Duchies. It has a population of something over two hundred thousand and covers about seven hundred and fifty square miles; it has been an independent duchy for more than two hundred years, and has existed as a separate political division for over five hundred years. The question of the succession is one that has in the past excited considerable debate; it is remembered that Prince Bismarck, in 1885, when the question of the Brunswick succession was under discussion, declared that it was impossible that a foreigner should occupy a German throne. It had been thought by many that the Duke of Edinburgh had privately abdicated his claim in favor of his son, Prince Alfred, who was educated at Coburg, the capital of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and is supposed to hold distinctly German views of politics and life. There is even an impression still existing among many students of German politics that the Duke of Edinburgh, after formally assuming the throne, may abdicate in favor of his son. Outside of the question of succession, there is little of importance likely to result, politically speaking, from the death of Duke Ernest. The late Duke was a man of strong and excellent personal character, and was considered one of the ablest rulers of the petty German States.

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When the Oklahoma Territory was thrown open to settlement it was generally believed that at the outset those men got the best land who had the best horses, while in the end those men got the best land who had the best lawyers. In the opening to settlement and homestead rights of the land known as the Cherokee Strip the Government has taken some measures to prevent the riotous scenes and the legal squabbles that accompanied the Oklahoma incident. The railways are not to be allowed to run trains through the Territory on September 16, which is the day set by the President's proclamation for the opening of the Strip. This is intended to give every one a fair and equal start from the strip of "neutral ground" which has been staked off

at the border of the coveted territory. Moreover, every intending claimant is required to declare his intention on September 16 at one of the land offices which have been established on the border, to take out a certificate, and to return with the certificate and claim title immediately after his selection has been made. It is stated that there are still in the General Land Office no fewer than thirteen thousand disputed claims relating to Oklahoma territory—a fact which more than justifies all the precautions now taken. This Cherokee Land Strip, on the edge of which nearly fifty thousand eager seekers for land will soon be gathered, contains about six millions of acres. The eastern portion is far the most valuable, as it is well watered by the Shakaska River and other streams, and is traversed by a railway—the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. The middle section is mostly arid, and only a small part of the western portion can be cultivated.

If organized labor in other cities would only follow the example set by organized labor in Chicago a strong influence would be brought to bear to stop the practice of hoarding money, to which in large part the present panic is due. About a fortnight ago organized labor in Chicago passed a resolution that it was the duty of every union to withdraw its money from safety deposit vaults, and to invest it in good securities. In accordance with that resolution the Cigarmakers' Union withdrew \$34,000 from a safety deposit vault, as stated in the "Inter-Ocean," and deposited it in four banks. This disposition was made of the money, in preference to investing it, because, after discussion, it was agreed that "it would do more good and get into circulation quicker." Other unions are expected to follow the example of the Cigarmakers', at least so far as the discontinuing hoarding in safety deposit vaults is concerned. In all, if the estimate of the "Inter-Ocean" is accurate, about \$500,000, money belonging to Chicago labor unions, will be put into active circulation. The result ought to be the "emptying of many stockings." The incident, so far as it goes, is an object-lesson in the possibilities of public benefit to be found in labor unions.

GENERAL NEWS.—In Europe many cases of cholera continue to be reported from several countries; there have been new outbreaks in Antwerp and in Hungary; a single case of cholera has occurred at Hull, England; there have been no new cases at the quarantine in this city, and nearly all of those who are supposed to have been attacked with cholera have recovered.—The feeling between France and Italy arising out of the Aigues-Mortes incident, which we described last week, has, in the main, subsided, although there have been riots in Naples, in the course of which many French residents have been attacked; the French Government has dismissed the Mayor of the town of Aigues-Mortes.—The loss of life through the very heavy storm of last week is reported to be greater than has been known for many years; on Monday night of this week a second severe storm did great damage in the South, and as we go to press it is reported that over forty lives have been lost from the storm in Savannah, Ga.—One or two new cases of yellow fever have occurred at Brunswick, Ga., and the town has been largely deserted by its inhabitants; those who remain are in great want, and an appeal has been made to the people of the country to assist them.—A great part of South Chicago, which is about three miles south of the World's Fair grounds, was destroyed by fire on Thursday of last week.—Sixteen lives were lost and many persons injured by a collision at Berlin, on the Long Island Railroad, last Saturday

evening; the direct cause was either the negligence of a signal operator or of an engineer.



## A Monometallist's Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your paper of 19 August, in speaking of the alleged "inadequacy of the gold product to supply the need of more currency," you say: "In 1870 the gold available for currency purposes was \$92,000,000 a year. It has now fallen to less than \$24,000,000. The estimates are Soetbeer's, and are those most favorable to the gold monometallists." Will you kindly give a reference to the page on which Soetbeer gives those figures? I think there must be some error in this citation. Have you referred to the Report of E. O. Leech on the Production of Gold and Silver in the United States? He is regarded as a statistician of high authority, and I am informed that he gives the coinage of gold in the world for the three years 1889, 1890, and 1891 at an average of \$145,800,000 per year. After allowing for recoinage, it has been estimated that this means an addition to the world's gold money of \$120,000,000 per annum. Our own gold coinage in the United States was in 1892 over \$34,000,000, or more than \$10,000,000 more than you say that Soetbeer says was coined in the world. Have you not unintentionally done an injustice to Soetbeer? Or, if such an error exists in Soetbeer, you are certainly not entitled to say, in the face of Leech's statement, that Soetbeer's estimates are "those most favorable to the gold monometallists."

Permit me to call attention to another point. You allude to Jevons as the "last of the great monometallists." Such an allusion implies that the species is extinct. This is so far from the truth that I cannot think that you mean your readers to draw that conclusion. The fact is that the principal nations of Europe have the gold standard—France as well as England—and they manifest no intention of giving it up. The gold standard prevails in the United States and Canada, and India is adopting it. Under these circumstances there is no room for an implication that the race of monometallists is extinct.

If you intended to refer only to books, the implication that no author has appeared to support the single gold standard since Jevons seems unnecessarily severe on the host of recent writers. To mention no others, the work of Professor Taussig, of Harvard, "The Silver Situation in the United States," published this year, deserves kinder treatment. It is a calm and masterly examination of this subject. He states with fairness the arguments of the bimetallicists, and discusses the effect of the general fall in gold prices. His conclusion on this point is as follows: "On the whole, then, the fall in prices, when considered in connection with the other great changes which have accompanied it, does not afford so much countenance to the bimetallic proposal as at first sight it seems to. The rise in money incomes and the improvements in production disprove any intolerable burden on debtors, and make it highly improbable that the change has had any general depressing effect on industry."

Professor Taussig also shows in a conclusive manner that gold is the least variable and best standard of value we possess, and the fear that there is not enough of it to furnish a standard with which to transact the business of the world is without any real basis. I commend the book to your careful examination.

ROWLAND HAZARD.

Peace Dale, R. I., August 19, 1893.

The questions put in this letter are of such immediate importance that we gladly answer them at some length. Mr. Hazard's deduction from the Director of the Mint's report is a quite natural one, though it might not have been made had he himself referred to the Director of the Mint's report. For many years that officer has reported the production and coinage of the precious metals, both in the United States and throughout the world. With rare exceptions the amount of gold coined has exceeded the amount produced. The Director's figures have not implied, however, that more gold has been added to the world's coinage than has been mined. On the contrary, the mint reports for 1883 and 1885 show that nearly all the gold used in the arts has first been to the mints, and is received by manufacturers either in the form of coin or stamped refinery bars. Soetbeer made use of our mint reports in reaching his authoritative estimates, which were translated by Professor Taussig and published in the United States

Consular reports for December, 1887. The tables cited by us may be found on page 528. Condensed, they are as follows:

|                | Gold Produced<br>(yearly). | Consumed<br>in the Arts. | Used for Money<br>and Reserves. |
|----------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1851-1870..... | \$135,000,000              | \$43,000,000             | \$92,000,000                    |
| 1881-1885..... | \$104,000,000              | \$80,000,000             | \$24,000,000                    |

In other words, while the production of gold had decreased, its non-monetary consumption had nearly doubled, and the surplus available for money uses had been reduced from \$92,000,000 annually, two decades before, to \$24,000,000 annually in 1885.

We spoke of Soetbeer's statistics as "those most favorable to the gold monometallists," because Mr. Giffen, the leading English monometallist, has since written upon the same question, as follows: "About two-thirds of the gold produced annually is taken for the arts, and if the consumption of India is included as being either for simple hoarding or for the arts, and in no case for the purpose of circulating money, then the demand for gold for non-monetary purposes appears almost equal to the entire annual production." There are no other monometallist statisticians who can be compared with Soetbeer and Giffen.

Our characterization of Jevons as the "last of the great monometallists" seems to have been misunderstood. We certainly had no thought of implying that the race of monometallists is extinct; so long as there are creditor and debtor classes, there will be practical men instinctively in favor of monometallism on the one hand, and unlimited issues of irredeemable paper money on the other. We had in mind only the great writers on finance, and we used the term "great" in its narrowest sense, or we should not have excluded Mr. Giffen, who had just been mentioned and is still living. Up to twenty years ago the great writers were almost unanimously upon the side of monometallism. Newton, Ricardo and Chevalier were in favor of silver monometallism. Mills, Cairnes and Jevons were in favor of gold monometallism. What was true of the great writers was also true of the rank and file of university professors. In the early seventies, however, when the production of gold began to fall off, and one new nation after another discarded silver and established the gold standard, prices which had been nearly uniform for twenty years began steadily to fall. This brought a new current of thought into the scientific world. There are still scientific monometallists, but there is none of the rank of the men we have named. The revolution of opinion has been quite marked in Germany, where Wagner and Schaeffle, the two economists of the widest fame, are both bimetallicists. It has, however, been most marked in Great Britain, where Professor Foxwell, of Cambridge, in a letter written in 1890 to M. de Laveleye, described the opinions of his colleagues in the chairs of political economy in Great Britain as follows:

"University of Cambridge, Professor Alfred Marshall, bimetallicist; Professor Sidgwick, bimetallicist. Edinburgh, Professor Nicholson, author of an excellent book on the subject, Vice-President of the Bimetallic League. Oxford, Thorold Rodgers (now dead) admits the scarcity of gold, but rejects bimetallicism. University College of London, H. S. Foxwell, Vice-President of the Bimetallic League. Nottingham, Professor J. E. Symes, bimetallicist. Liverpool, Professor E. G. Gonner, Vice-President of the Bimetallic League. Manchester, Professor J. E. Munro, admits the bimetallic theory. London, Kings College, Professor Edgeworth, inclines toward bimetallicism."

Among American monometallists, Professor Taussig is unquestionably the ablest, and by all odds the fairest. His volume on "The Silver Situation in the United States" was reviewed by us with some care, as we thought, and certainly with warm praise. But Professor Taussig is not as yet to be classed among the great monometallists. His

defense of monometallism rests upon two propositions, neither of which is at present accepted by all monometallists even. The first is, that the unit of value may justly be one of increasing purchasing power, as measured by other products of labor; and the second, that the increased use of banking credits does away with the need of an increased legal tender currency. Mr. Giffen, for example, accepts neither of these propositions, while the first and most important was rejected by all the classic economists, who recognized that the just standard was one which kept the general level of prices uniform, and restored to the creditor neither more nor less property than he had loaned. This principle was indeed considered almost axiomatic until the question of bimetallicism became one of practical politics. The chief reason, and one might say the only reason, why scientific opinion has come to be overwhelming against universal gold monometallism is because they recognize that the increase in the gold supply is grossly insufficient for the world's currency needs, unless the prices of other all forms of property are to be depressed and the burden of debts increased.



## Free Education in England

It is now two years since Lord Salisbury's Government passed the act of Parliament which established free education in the State-aided elementary day schools in England. How the act is working can be judged from the speech which Mr. Acland, the Vice-President of the Council for Education, made in moving the estimates for his department in Committee of Supply in the House of Commons. It was Mr. Acland's first great speech in behalf of his department, and the matter the speech contained, as well as the lucid way in which the facts and figures were presented, seem abundantly to justify Mr. Gladstone's estimate of Mr. Acland when he included him in his administration, and assigned him to one of the most important of the Home Departments. Mr. Acland's speech was full of interesting figures; and first among these came the amount of the vote he asked from Parliament. It was for £6,200,000, and represents the amount which England will spend during the ensuing twelve months on the maintenance of its elementary schools. But this sum, large as it is, is not all, for the elementary schools under Government inspection receive only about three-quarters of the cost per scholar from the Imperial treasury. The remaining one-fourth is raised by local rates in the case of schools managed by elected boards, and by subscriptions in the case of the voluntary schools, which are managed by the Church of England, by the Roman Catholics, and by the Wesleyan and the Congregationalist denominations. The sum Mr. Acland asked the House of Commons to vote for his department is the largest demand of the kind ever made on Parliament. The House of Commons has been making these grants for elementary education for sixty years. The first dates from 1833, and was for £20,000. In 1839 the grant had reached £30,000, and each year since then it has gone on increasing. The increase was greatly quickened by the Elementary Education Act of 1870, and by the subsequent acts making education compulsory; and the grants have been enormously augmented as the result of the Free Education Act of 1891. Mr. Acland and most of the members of the House of Commons who took part in the debate on the education vote appeared to be fully satisfied with the success which has so far attended the working of the Free Education Act. One result of it was an increased attendance of 120,000 children during the year ending August, 1892, as

compared with an increase of 32,000 in 1891 and of 35,000 in 1890. Another result has been to raise the average attendance to a point altogether unprecedented, notwithstanding the fact that education has been compulsory in England for seven or eight years past, and that the magistrates have large powers in dealing with parents who are tardy or negligent in sending their children to school.

Here and there, in the speeches in the debate in the House of Commons on the vote for the Education Department, there were indications of the conflict which is going on in England over the denominational voluntary schools, and of the efforts which are being made by an influential party within the Church of England to break down the compromise as to religious teaching in State-aided schools, which formed part of the settlement made under the Education Act of 1870. This was supposed to be a compromise between the representatives of the Church of England and the representatives of the Nonconformists in Parliament; but twenty-three years' experience of the Forster Act has shown that all the advantages of the compromise were on the side of the Church of England. The Church retained full control over its schools while receiving three-fourths of the annual cost of their maintenance from the Imperial treasury. In these schools the tenets and doctrines of the Established Church are daily taught. All that the Education Act of 1870 requires is that parents who are not of the Church of England shall have the right to withdraw their children from this religious teaching if they so desire without the withdrawal being to the disadvantage of the children. This was the intention of the compromise of 1870, and it was intended to protect the children of Nonconformist parents who live in districts in which none but Church of England schools are established. All parents have this right of withdrawal, but it is seldom exercised, and for all practical purposes the Church of England schools are as completely under the control of the local clergymen as they were in the days before the Education Act of 1870. Still, the Church of England is not content with these advantages, and its supporters in the House of Lords have in the present session of Parliament made a bold attack on the non-sectarian religious teaching of the board schools. These schools are maintained entirely out of public funds, and the law of 1870 directs that no religious catechism, or religious formulary distinctive of any particular denomination, shall be taught in them. For more than twenty years school boards and school board teachers have loyally acted in accordance with this direction. Now, however, comes the attempt of the Church of England to capture the board schools. It has taken the form of a bill introduced into the House of Lords by the Bishop of Salisbury, under which the parents of any five or more children belonging to two or more families shall have the right to demand for these children separate religious instruction for not more than three hours per week. This means that clergymen of the Church of England are to take the place of the ordinary school teachers who now give non-sectarian religious instruction in board schools, and that there is to be a complete breaking away from the settlement of 1870, which left so much in the hands of the Church of England. This bill has already passed the House of Lords. It is now awaiting second reading in the House of Commons, and with a Liberal Government in power it will have to wait a long time. In fact there is no likelihood of it passing the House of Commons; but that it has passed the Upper Chamber, where there are twenty-seven bishops, is an indication of the attitude of the more politically aggressive members of the Church of England toward the

system of elementary education which was established by the Act of 1870.



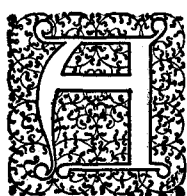
## A Rule of Growth

One of the most difficult problems in life is to adjust the burden of one's immediate work to the conditions of one's largest development. Earnest young men and women are constantly tempted to pour their vitality so copiously in the channels of immediate duty that they frequently deny themselves the conditions of the highest growth. No young man can put all his force into the work of the day, if it be along intellectual lines, without dwarfing his ultimate development. There ought to be behind every specific force a general force, and in the long run the value of the specific force will depend upon the volume of general force; but it is this general force which is suffered to diminish by reason of the pressure of daily work. A young minister goes into a new parish. If he happens to be a brilliant man, he is immediately assailed by calls to take part in every kind of enterprise, to speak on all occasions, and to become a leader in every movement in the community. In the enthusiasm of his strength and devotion to his profession, he gives himself body and soul to the solicitations of all these enterprises, every one of which involves a certain tax upon his strength, time and thought. His congregation, meanwhile, anticipate from him freshness, force and growth in his pulpit work, and for a time they get it; but no man can grow into full stature, develop strong lines of thought, and mature himself on the highest possible plane who does not reserve a good part of his time for study, investigation and meditation. In the course of ten years the man who gives himself to every demand begins to show a decline of freshness, a decay of force; and very soon the congregation that has been drawing on him relentlessly, and the community that has called him at every turn with imperative voice, begin to comment on his failure to fulfill the promise of his earlier years. Disappointment is followed by dissatisfaction, and the man, often embittered by a sense of ingratitude, finds his influence waning, his force declining, and steps down in order that some other and fresher man may step up into his place.

Every man must protect himself against the demands of his position, of the community in which he lives, and of the causes which solicit his support, if he is to secure his highest growth and do his best work. He must heed not only the imperative demand of the duty of to-day, but the equally imperative demand of the duty of the next ten years. The young minister must defend himself against the not unkindly but often too exhausting demands of his congregation and the community. This is true of the teacher, of the writer, of every man who, by position or talent, addresses the public, or is engaged in any kind of public work. The world does not, and, in the nature of things, cannot stop to think of a man's future. It leaves that to him. If it is denied its requests, it may sometimes grumble, but ten years afterward, instead of discarding a spent force, it is cherishing and following a growing leadership. There is a duty which every man owes to himself which is quite as great as that which he owes to the community. Indeed, it is in the widest sense a duty to the community; for the greatest thing which any man can do for the world is to make the utmost of the power, the force and the character which are given him, and he can do this only by taking constant thought of the conditions which elicit what is deepest and greatest in his nature.

## Criticism as an Educational Force<sup>1</sup>

By Hamilton W. Mabie



A GOOD deal has been said about the influence of criticism as a restraining and corrective force constantly and effectively brought to bear on writers, and it is probably true that no small gains in the direction of better and sounder work have been made as a result of criticism, even when it has been inadequate and coarse in tone. There is good reason to believe that Tennyson felt keenly the unnecessary offensiveness with which the tinge of sentimentality and the defective energy of expression in his work given to the world in 1832 were pointed out by more than one critical writer of the time; nevertheless, the young poet profited by correction so ungraciously administered, and what might have developed into an unsound strain became, ten years later, the evidence of a peculiar ripeness and beauty. In many cases, doubtless, criticism, even when it has fallen below its highest levels, has been a useful teacher and monitor, and in this way has rendered genuine service to literature. But this service of criticism is, after all, secondary and incidental; for it is the writer, and not the critic, who makes literature, not only in the sense of creating but also of determining its forms. The critic often tells the writer facts about himself which are of lasting value in his artistic education, but in the end it is the writer who marks out the lines along which the critic must move.

Criticism was long oblivious of this fundamental fact in its relation to distinctively creative work; it was long under the impression that the final authority resided in itself rather than in the work upon which it passed judgment with entire confidence in its own competency. "It was not until criticism passed into the hands of men of insight and creative power that it discovered its chief function to be that of comprehension, and its principal service that of interpretation. Not that it has surrendered its function of judging according to the highest standards, but that it has discovered that the forms of excellence change from time to time, and that the question with regard to a work of art is not whether it conforms to types of excellence already familiar, but whether it is an ultimate expression of beauty or power. In every case the artist creates the type, and the critic proves his competency by recognizing it; so that while the critic holds the artist to rigid standards of veracity and craftsmanship, it is the artist who lays down the law to the critic. As an applied art, based on induction, and constructing its canons apart from the material which literature furnishes, criticism was notable mainly for its fallibility. As an art based on deduction, and framing its laws according to the methods and principles illustrated in the best literature, it has advanced from a secondary to a leading place among the literary forms now most widely employed and most widely influential."

The real service of criticism is to the reader rather than to the writer, and it serves literature chiefly by making its recognition on the part of the reader more prompt and more complete. A work of art does not need to be preserved, it preserves itself; there is in it a vitality which endures indifference and survives neglect. What is often lost, however, is the immediate influence of such a work. It has happened again and again in the history of literature that a great book has been long unrecognized, and a resource which might have enriched life has been put aside until men were educated to receive and use it. It is as an educative force that criticism has developed its most immediate and, perhaps, its most lasting usefulness.

For while great works of art do not need the aid of criticism to preserve them from the danger of actual disappearance, they do need its service as an interpreter. What

Addison had to say about Milton did not protect the Puritan poet from any danger of permanent obscurity, but it went far toward making a clearer understanding of his greatness possible. It was a service to the English people, and, in so much as it opened their eyes to an excellence which had been widely denied, it was also a service to English literature. The old dramas which Lamb loved with such missionary zeal were in no sense dependent upon that zeal for their preservation; but they gained by it a recognition more general and more intelligent than they had won even from the generation which had heard their noble or terrible lines declaimed on the stage. Cromwell would have remained the great soul he was had Carlyle passed him by, but it was Carlyle's searching insight and victorious art which restored the Protector to his place in the history and the heart of England. To comprehend a work of art a certain degree of education must be attained, and the greater and more original the work of art the deeper and more thorough the education. For it is the peculiar quality of genius to be prophetic, and to create in advance—sometimes far in advance—of general comprehension. Society must grow into the larger thought which at first often escapes it, and grow into the open-mindedness to which beauty in a new form successfully makes it appeal. The greater writers, whose creative energy finds new channels and manifests itself under unfamiliar aspects, are always in advance of the general capacity of appreciation, and are always in need of interpreters; and this office of interpretation has become the chief function of criticism. Taine interprets English literature by effectively, if somewhat coarsely, filling in the background of the environment and experience of the race; while Sainte Beuve interprets the book by suggesting with delicate but impressive skill the personality of the writer.

When a man like Goethe takes up criticism, its range and power become at once apparent. Insight is substituted for literary tradition, and sympathy is emphasized as the keyword of the critical art. We are no longer dealing with a police magistrate intent upon the rigid administration of a petty local code, but with a man of universal interests, familiar with all standards, quick to feel all kinds of excellence, and eager to discern in a work of art, not only its relation to the past, but its fresh revelation of what is in man and in his life, and its new disclosure of the exhaustless power of the imagination to create forms. After such a critic has spoken, and has suggested the possibilities of criticism, it is not surprising to find so many minds of the highest order drawn to it. So far from being the secondary or derivative art, which it is often declared to be, criticism, on its higher plane, involves the possession of an insight, a breadth of intelligence, and a faculty of expression which in their combination must be regarded as belonging to the sphere of the creative forces. Coleridge, Carlyle, Ste-Beuve, Amiel, Arnold, Emerson, and Lowell represent criticism at its best, and are, therefore, the men by whose work it must be judged.

The prime characteristic of that work is interpretation, and its deepest influence is educational. It is true that all art is educational, and that literature, as Matthew Arnold long ago said in one of his suggestive school reports, contains the best possible material for education; but criticism is peculiarly and definitely educational, because it brings into clear light the significance of literature as a whole. The immediate and vital relationship between art and life, which has given literature an entirely new meaning to modern men, was discerned and disclosed by the critics whose names have been mentioned. To them we owe not only clear ideas of the specific work and personal quality of each writer, but clear ideas of his relation to his time and to his race; of his significance in the development of literature and in the history of the human soul.

<sup>1</sup> Read at the Literary World's Congress at Chicago.

There is a distinct and definite educational value in the comprehension of Montaigne's relation to his age, of the influences which found their expression in Voltaire and Rousseau, and of the facts of race inheritance and social condition which made so deep an impress on the artistic temperament of Tourguenieff. There is no educational material of such interest and importance as that preserved in books, because nowhere else has the life of men made a record at once so frank, so searching, and so appealing. It was a profound thought of Froebel's that the true teacher of each individual is the race, and that what the race has thought, felt, and accomplished is the richest material for educational uses. And literature, being the fullest and frankest revelation of what is in men and of what they have experienced, is the most vital and persuasive teacher of humanity.

It is and has been the function of criticism in the hands of the masters of the art to bring into clear light this educational significance of literature; to trace its intimate and necessary relations with the time which produced it; to indicate the racial elements which enter into it; to point out the impress of personality; and to set each great work in true relation to that disclosure of the nature of man of which art has kept so faithful a record. In thus dealing with literary works as parts of one great expression of the soul, criticism has not lost its judicial spirit nor parted with its instinct for perfection of form. It has simply struck a true balance between the human and the artistic elements in works of literature; it has shown the rootage of art in life; it has set the man beside his work, and made the work the revelation of the man. The value of the general service of such a new reading of literature cannot be estimated; so wide, so deep, and so subtle are those educational influences which play upon the spirits of men as part of the atmosphere which they breathe. This is, however, a service to literature itself which is often overlooked. The quality of disinterestedness upon which Mr. Arnold insisted at the very beginning of his career as a critic carries with it an inevitable enlargement of thought. It is impossible to study literary works as they appear fresh from widely differing conditions of race and individual life without receiving, consciously or unconsciously, an education of a very high order. Insular ignorance, class prejudice, national antagonism, race hostility, individual prepossession and limitation are insensibly modified by contact with life, unifying such a variety of conditions, and revealing itself with equal authority through such different forms of expression. The men are few whose literary creeds can remain provincial in the face of the catholicity of modern criticism. One may be wedded to Romanticism, but he must be uncommonly unresponsive if he fails to feel the power of such verse as Landor and Arnold have given us. In these days it is possible to be a partisan of Flaubert and De Maupassant and yet enjoy George Sand; to care for Corneille and yet recognize the power of Ibsen. To put aside accidental methods, accepted standards, and personal prepossessions, and, with open mind, to search each work of literature for its aim, its reality, and its excellence is not only to receive that kind of education which affects the quality of a man's nature, but to make it easier for the writer with the new word and the new spirit to secure a hearing. Many changes have taken place since Rabelais found it necessary to veil his attack on the educational methods of the Church; a man may now speak his thought without peril to his head. But freedom of *opinion* was more easily won than freedom of *artistic expression*. Even in our own time there has been more than one demonstration of the danger which the artist faces when he ventures into a fresh field and employs a new method. Carlyle, Browning, Ibsen, and Whitman remind us, in different chapters of their experience, that artistic tolerance has not yet come to perfect flower, and that disinterestedness is not yet universal. Nevertheless, it remains true that the conception of literature was never so broad as at this moment, and there have never been so many intelligent persons eager to recognize beauty, truth, and power, however strangely garbed. When a critic so fastidious as Matthew Arnold recognizes the literary qual-

ity shared in common by men as diverse in temperament, idea, aim, and artistic method as Wordsworth, Byron, Grey, Shelley, Heine, and Tolstoi, the genuine catholicity of modern criticism may be regarded as nearly complete. If the new method must still win its way against prejudice and conventional notions of art, it is rather because of indifference and inertia than of intentional antagonism. In these days genius is in greater peril from premature than from postponed recognition; it is more likely to be forced than to be repressed.

The larger thought of literature as an expression of the soul under the conditions of life and in the forms of art not only gives it a foremost place among the forces which civilize men, but gives it the stimulus of a great function and the freedom of a governing power. Criticism has not only opened the minds of readers, but it has invited writers to a freedom which they formerly were compelled to fight for; and who can doubt that in the long run this broader education of those to whom literature makes its appeal will react upon literary artists through provocation of earlier recognition, quicker response, and truer comprehension.



## One Solution of the Problem of City Government

By Morrison I. Swift

The adoption of the Referendum and Initiative by the City Council of Haverhill, Mass., forms a valuable chapter in recent politics. It had been decided that a new charter for the city should be prepared, and the committee of the Council had called upon a number of lawyers and judges to draft a charter under their direction. The plan upon which they proceeded was that of centralizing the power by dropping one of the two chambers of the city government, and not only placing the power of appointment in the Mayor's hands exclusively, but giving him the control of appropriations.

The workmen of Haverhill were by no means satisfied with the course things were taking, and they set to work to draw up a more democratic document. When it was completed they found difficulty in prevailing upon a member of the committee to present it to the Council, the objections being that it was not a popular idea and that it was a foreign institution. But its advocates were not daunted. They prepared an address setting forth the corruption and rottenness of American city politics and explaining the advantages of their plan, and sent this with a copy of the proposed amendment to every elector of the city. Both of the city dailies came out in its favor, and two ministers, the Rev. A. A. Ross, Universalist, and the Rev. George Benedict, Congregationalist, became its advocates.

On the evening set by the Council to consider the lawyers' charter, ten of the members of the Central Labor Union appeared at the Council Chamber and asked to be heard in favor of their propositions. At first they were opposed by the Mayor and members, but they insisted, with the result that their plan was taken up for consideration instead of that of the lawyers and committee, which was entirely ignored. At the second meeting one hundred representatives of labor were present to support the measure, which again met with unsuccessful opposition. Public sentiment had become so aroused in consequence of the efforts of the workmen that it could not be disregarded, and their amendment was finally adopted. At the second meeting the two ministers already named appeared before the Council to support the people's plan.

The portion of the charter containing the Referendum and Initiative principles was, in substance, this: All ordinances passed by the Board of Aldermen are to be classed as either urgent or not urgent, the urgent being those only which relate to the immediate preservation of the public peace or the public health, and appropriations not exceeding the average amount appropriated for the same depart-

ment for the preceding three years; nor is any measure to be classified as urgent except by a three-fourths vote of the Board of Aldermen. Urgent measures shall go into effect immediately upon their approval by the Mayor. All measures classified as not urgent shall go into effect at the expiration of thirty days from the date of the passage of such measure, unless a petition for the Referendum shall in the interim have been filed with the City Clerk. During these thirty days the voters of the city shall have the right to file with the City Clerk a petition to have such measure, whether approved by the Mayor or not, submitted to the vote of all the citizens for rejection or approval. The petition must be signed by at least fifteen per cent. of the voters of the city, this percentage to be based upon the whole number of votes cast in the preceding annual municipal election, and must be legally sworn to by five of the subscribers thereto, to the effect that the petition is made in good faith, and that the affiants verily believe all the signatures to be genuine and those of duly qualified voters. The petition, with the measure to be submitted to vote, will be published for three successive days in one of the papers by the City Clerk, official ballots prepared and voted according to the Australian ballot system, and shall become a law if it obtains a majority of the votes cast. The form of petition for the Referendum, of which the City Clerk will provide blanks, is as follows:

PETITION FOR THE REFERENDUM

To the City Clerk of the City of Haverhill:

The undersigned, legal voters of the city of Haverhill, do hereby petition that the ordinance of the Board of Aldermen, No. entitled "An ordinance for," etc., be referred to the legal voters of the city for rejection or approval, upon the day of A.D.

| Signature | Ward  | Residence |
|-----------|-------|-----------|
| .....     | ..... | .....     |
| .....     | ..... | .....     |

A city ordinance may be initiated by the voters of the city in a petition to the City Clerk, who shall present it to the Board of Aldermen at the next succeeding meeting, where it must take precedence over all measures introduced by members of the Board of Aldermen. If it is not passed, or is vetoed by the Mayor, it is to go on to a vote as provided for in the Referendum. If it is amended by the Board of Aldermen, the measure and the proposed amendment shall go upon the ballot under separate and distinct titles and be voted upon.

The plan as here outlined, having passed both branches of the City Government unanimously, now only awaits the action of the State Legislature to give it force, since it arrived at the State House too late for the last session. Five hundred dollars were appropriated for the lawyers and judges, whose plan was not even considered by the Council, while the working-men, whose plan was endorsed by the whole city and unanimously adopted by the Council, who went to considerable expense and expended enormous labor in the education of electors, press and aldermen contributed all freely. No circumstance could more tellingly speak in favor of government by the whole people (the Initiative and Referendum) instead of by cliques, since the cliques almost invariably charge the people heavily for all that they do.

It seems peculiarly fitting that the Referendum and Initiative should grow up in New England, where the Town Meeting has played so prominent a part in political and social development. "Within its proper sphere," Mr. John Fiske says, "government by Town Meeting is the form of government most effectively under watch and control. Everything is done in the full daylight of publicity. The specific objects for which public money is to be appropriated are discussed in the presence of everybody, and any one who disapproves of any of these objects, or of the way in which it is proposed to obtain it, has an opportunity to declare his opinions." The "Initiative and Referendum" is the Town Meeting carried further, and fitted to larger bodies than the original small village.

A writer who has investigated the workings of the Referendum in Switzerland testifies that "jobbery and ex-

travagance are unknown, and politics, as there is no money in it, has ceased to be a trade. The men elected to office are taken from the ranks of the citizens, and are chosen because of their fitness for the work. The people take an intelligent interest in every kind of local and federal legislation, and have a full sense of their political responsibility. The mass of useless or evil laws which legislatures in other countries are constantly passing with little consideration, and which have constantly to be repealed, are in Switzerland not passed at all."



## Uncle Remus and Folk-Lore

By Fanny D. Bergen

It is considerably more than a decade since Uncle Remus was first made known to the greater audience that now loves him as well as the little boy himself—his solitary auditor through so many rapt evenings—ever could have loved him. Close upon the original volume, "Uncle Remus," came the "Nights with Uncle Remus," in the introduction to which Mr. Harris shows a somewhat wide acquaintance with animal folk-tales in general, and a great deal of interest in the mooted questions that concern their origins, relationship, and distribution. And now comes "Uncle Remus and his Friends"<sup>1</sup>—the last book of the series, its author tells us. In the introduction to this final volume he seems to show a lessened interest in the sources of his tales, appearing anxious rather to bespeak for his old friend a sympathetic than a critical audience. Is this possibly due to some partial loss of the genuineness as folk-lore that characterized the earlier tales?

One of these later ones certainly sounds as if Uncle Remus, on some of his frequent visits to the big house, had heard "Miss Sally" reading aloud from a collection of Japanese fairy tales, and later on, in one of his forgetful moods, had told for his own one of those stories. At any rate, both in plot and in many curious details, there is an extraordinary resemblance between the story, "Brother Fox Smells Smoke," and its sequel, and the Japanese tale, "Kachi-kachi Yama—Sticking Plasters for Sale."

But even if this latest volume should prove to be somewhat less valuable than its predecessors as an accession to the folk-lore of American negroes, Mr. Harris's collections in this field constitute a most interesting contribution to the subject. Folk-lore has now come to be a well recognized branch of anthropology; it has already served to throw much light on the history of the mental evolution of our race.

That the original negro slaves, when brought to America, should have recalled the stories of their own land, and by oft repeating them should have helped to lighten their bondage among a strange people, in a strange country, with an utterly different climate, was most natural. Living, even under the most favorable circumstances during their period of slavery, in great part a people by themselves, they have, in their traditions, preserved tales heard generations ago by native negroes in Africa. Primitive peoples, the world over, have been wont to select some one favorite native animal as a hero for their tales of what Uncle Remus calls "creechurs." His virtues and wisdom increase with the lapse of years, until his powers become marvelous. The fox is the best-known hero of the European animal folk-tales, though in Northern Europe the bear and the wolf also are conspicuous characters. In Africa the tortoise, the jackal, the weasel, and various other animals are severally credited with the possession of more than ordinary acuteness, but there, as in the stories of Uncle Remus, it is the hare which does the most wonderful things, and which is itself rarely—almost never—outwitted. The tale of Brother Rabbit and Brother Lion, in "Uncle Remus and his Friends," in which the lion is inveigled into drowning himself by jumping into a spring in which he fancies that he sees an enemy of his own species, is essentially identical with a variant from the Soudan, and an East Indian fable that shows how the cunning of a tiny

<sup>1</sup> Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

creature may be the undoing of a monster, is but the same tale in which the tiger takes the place of the lion. In Zanzibar it is the hare which three times escapes from the lion by stratagems similar to his request, in Uncle Remus's famous story of the "Tar Baby," to be thrown among the briar-bushes, and in Jephson's "Stories Told in the Heart of an African Forest," it is the hare that entices the lion inside a stockade to lie in wait for Mr. Hunger, where the hare imprisons him until he starves to death.

I once asked a Louisiana negro, who was full of the quaint lore of his race, why the colored people attributed more wisdom to the rabbit than to the fox, telling him that we usually thought the fox to excel in cunning and slyness.

"Yaas'm, I knows ye do, but I'll tell ye why *we* thinks de rabbit is smarter'n de fox. De fox is too smart sometimes. Ye've seen some men 'ts so smart dey jes' overreaches deirselves. Dey's so cunning in business 't' at las', ma'am, dey jes' goes too fur. Now, dat's like Mr. Fox! He's what you might say mos' too smart fur hisself. But de rabbit—he's jes' right—he has 'nuff sense not ter overreach hisself 'n that's why we thinks him ahead 'v de fox."

Without stopping here to dwell upon the fact, so much a matter-of-course to the folk-lorist, of recurrences in countless forms of the same tale, omen, or superstition in countries the most widely separated and among the most diverse races, it may be interesting to cite a very few of the correspondences which appeared while the Louisiana negro just referred to was narrating some of the stories and beliefs of his people. An Irish peasant maid from County Cork chanced to hear this man relate various bits of folk-lore, and we were more than once surprised by her interrupting to say that she had heard that in Ireland. The southern negroes have a superstitious terror of the little whirlwinds which in summer often sweep funnel-shaped dust clouds along the road, and say that if a knife were to be plunged into the moving column of dust, the "old boy" would appear. This cottage girl told of many superstitions of her own people about such whirlwinds. In general they believe these to be dangerous to meddle with, and suppose them to be under the control of fairies, who often drive them to blow upon people whom they would punish and thereby inflict some injury. Again, the negroes are careful to have water in the kitchen at night, as they say for the witches, who are likely to come about after dark, and in anger if the water-pail be empty, are likely to work some harm to the people of the house. The Irish peasantry are equally careful to leave drinking water for the "good people," or, as some say, for "people from the other world," who often visit the house when all are asleep. As is well known, our Southern negroes are great believers in witches and witchcraft, as well as in ghosts. But not to every one is given the power to see spirits. However, it is said that any one may, for the time, share in this gift of seeing ghosts by crossing his legs, facing the seer, and looking over the left shoulder of the latter. An old Scandinavian belief was that a man became capable of seeing trolls, invisible to common mortals, by looking under the left arm, placed akimbo, of one to whom supernatural beings were visible. In Iceland to-day a like belief is common, and the Irish peasantry, who in general attribute to their priests the power of seeing the good people, think that the priest may open any one's eyes to the presence of passing fairies simply by having him look over his reverence's right shoulder.

The literature of folk-tales becomes most interesting if we remember that, in many instances, tales told in Gaelic to-day in an Irish peasant's cottage by some old woman to her children and grandchildren, who, alas! are rapidly losing the quaint old language, are told in other tongues all over Europe. When collected in print, these very tales delight the children of all civilized nations, while they have been the amusement of American Indians as they sat around their lodge-fires, and have been traced in the Old World as far as India. These must be survivals of stories so old that we cannot get at their origin, but only know that they must have been recounted ages ago by very remote ancestors, common to most of the peoples among

whom they are current to-day. As time has gone on, more and more variants have arisen, each receiving peculiar local touches from the particular race or nation who still keep, though in much modified form, the ancient tales and traditions. Many scholars think it more than probable that the multitude of tales of trolls, gnomes and other underground folk, as well as the Irish folk-tales of the fairy inhabitants of the green hillocks called by the peasants lises or forts, preserve traditions of pre-Aryan peoples, perhaps of primitive, cave-dwelling ancestors.

In the introduction to his popular tales from the Norse, Dasent says, in his telling way: "In the popular tale, properly so called, the national mind dreams all its history over again; in its half-conscious state it takes this trait and that trait, this feature and that feature of times and ages long past. It snatches up bits of old beliefs and fears and griefs and glory, and pieces them together with something that happened yesterday, and then holds up the distorted reflection in all its inconsequence, just as it has passed before that magic glass, as though it were genuine history and matter for pure belief."



## Hamlet's Elsinore

By Daniel K. Dodge

My first visit to Elsinore, or Helsingör, as the Danes call it, was on one of those glorious August days with which Denmark is peculiarly blessed. Taking an early boat from Copenhagen, we sailed up the friendly Sound, making not infrequent stops at the intermediate watering-places. Long before our arrival we could distinguish the graceful towers of the ancient castle of Kronborg, the first as it is also the most beautiful feature of the town to be seen. This time we chose the less romantic approach by rail, paying on the way a hasty visit to the royal summer residence of Fredensborg, in whose lovely park the Czar of all the Russias is fond of wandering alone during his frequent visits to his father-in-law. For him it is a veritable palace of peace.

The short walk from the station to the castle serves as a link between the life of the sleepy old town, with its dependence upon the ancient royal privilege of the Sound duties, and the bustling town of to-day, with its enterprise of commerce and manufacture. Beginning with the shipping, and including iron works and brick-yards, the road ends at the ancient entrance to the fortifications, the gate bearing the monogram of one of the Danish kings of long ago. Crossing no fewer than three moats, which, with the sea, once formed a part of the protection against Denmark's ancient enemy, the Swedes, we finally reach the portal of the castle itself, ornamented still more elaborately than the outer gate. The building, which dates from the fifteenth century, is distinguished from other Danish castles by its greater size and beauty. The great cobble-paved court is entirely inclosed by the lofty walls, from three of the four corners of which rise graceful towers, surmounted by curiously-fashioned copper cupolas, turned green by the action of the atmosphere. In the fourth corner is a huge square tower, terminating in a platform that is far more suggestive of the melancholy Dane than the spot on the ramparts below, pointed out as the scene of the meeting between Hamlet and his father's ghost. From this tower, which is laboriously reached by a spiral stair-case, the steps worn hollow by the centuries, a magnificent view is obtained of the surrounding country, both on the Danish and the Swedish side of the Sound, at this point less than three miles wide. Immediately opposite is the town of Helsingborg, topped with a royal residence of the packing-box style so popular in Sweden; to the south lies the island of Hveen, the site of old Tycho Brahe's famous observatory of Uranienborg, while to the north, nestling among the beech-trees, is the little palace of Marienlyst, of which more hereafter.

Descending the stairs and casting longing glances down the mysterious looking passages leading into the interior of the castle, but alas not for us visitors, we dutifully follow

our guide through the rather stupid picture gallery, where we linger for a moment in the tiny tower chamber, for some months the prison of George III.'s unhappy sister, Caroline Mathilde, queen of the miserable Christian VII. The chapel with its German inscriptions and Danish coats of arms in brilliant colors is sufficiently commonplace, and of the castle itself there only remain the *casematter*, or casements. Pulling a quaint iron chain leading to an upper story, over which is written, "bell for the casements," we are soon confronted by a little soldier in a white undress uniform and blue cap who leads us into the gallery communicating with the vaults, for such these casements really are. The torch that is lighted here gives forth a delicious perfume, and of its practical value we soon have proof enough. Even in the upper tier, used two hundred years ago by the Danish soldiers as a barracks during the bombardment of Elsinore by the Swedes, the light is very feeble, but in the dungeons thirty feet beneath the moat it is perfectly dark at high noon. Compared with these black wedge-shaped cells, from the ceiling of which, less than a man's height above the slimy stone floor, the water monotonously drips, the prison of Chillon is quite luxurious. But to the reader of Hans Christian Andersen the most interesting feature is, of course, the stone slab in an adjoining cell, on which Holger Danske, the Danish Friederick Barbarossa, is to be found after midnight, and from which he will come to deliver Denmark in the hour of her greatest need. By the side of this ancient national relic the underground passage leading to Marienlyst, a mile away, and huge stone vats, in which soup for a thousand soldiers used to be prepared, appear quite modern and unromantic. For some unexplained reason the real Hamlet platform, now used as a single station, was not open to visitors, as it had been on my earlier visits, so we had to content ourselves with looking at it from a distance. Indeed, the platform is very disappointing, with its modern telescope and nautical instruments, and the Danish *Landsoldat*, so different from the sentinel with which our fancy would supply it.

Such is Kronborg of to-day, magnificent in general outlines, plain and uncomfortable in all its interior arrangements, in accordance with the ideas of the century in which it was built. Once a royal residence, and, in the imagination of a poet, the home of the greatest prince in all fiction, now given over to soldiers and idle tourists. But the charm of legend and actual history still lingers over its gray walls, making it by far the most interesting building of the north.

Leaving the castle, but keeping it in sight all the way, we walk over to Marienlyst, a combination of palace and watering-place, of which the latter is altogether the predominating. There is a peculiar charm about Danish watering-places. The *café au lait* was superlatively good, the tiny glass of cacas no less so, while the disproportionately large Danish cigars, combined with the lovely view of the Sound, with Kronborg asserting itself as it does from every point in the neighborhood of Elsinore, put me into a *stimmung* not far from idyllic. Then, indeed, does one appreciate the full charm of Hamlet's town.

There could be no better preparation for a visit to the so-called Hamlet's grave, back of the little palace, than this hour dreamed away in the Kurhau's garden. After these combined spiritual and material impressions one is ready to believe the most impossible stories of the most unprincipled guide. My indignation was not aroused even when the latter gravely offered to show us the apartments in the palace formerly occupied by Prince Hamlet. On my asking him when the palace was built, he replied with a *naïveté* that was truly touching, "Oh, long ago; at least four hundred years!" We decided to leave this interesting relic unvisited and go straight to the grave. This is a rough pile of stones, about seven feet high, capped with a suspiciously well-preserved column, on which is whitewashed "Hamlet's Grav." The guide did not know whether this inscription had been written by Hamlet himself, but he thought not. As the very existence of the Danish prince is more than doubtful, it is hard, on sober second thought, to regard this monument as strictly authentic. But as all the English tourists insist upon being shown the

grave of Hamlet, it is perhaps excusable to employ this innocent method of satisfying their curiosity.

Returning to the highway, we continue our walk toward the north for another mile, stopping for a rest on a rustic seat beneath three great beech trees, which include in their friendly shade a refreshing spring, popularly known as "Ophelia's Kilde." Here, with no guide to trouble us with his stupid gabble, we can allow our fancy to wander whither it will. We forget for the moment that Saxo's Hamlet lies buried somewhere in Jutland, and that his unhappy love probably never saw Elsinore nor drank of the water that splashes by our side. Far more real to us is the prince evoked from the shades by the master's hand.



## The Greater Glory<sup>1</sup>

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.  
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

### CHAPTER XVII.

NOT AS WE WILL, BUT AS WE WOULD, O LORD!

A couple of hours later Mynheer van Rexelaer was ushered into the Marquis's presence. The ceremony of oiling, trimming, and curling had been completed, and, in so far as the word is suggestive of worship, that ceremony might have been looked upon as a morning orison to the Devil, who had been plentifully invoked with imprecations and prayers. The valet had smiled regretfully once or twice, as one who sees a child rushing heedlessly into punishment. After a double weighted oath at his clumsiness in dropping the curling-iron—even valets will get nervous at times—he had ventured on a "Pourtant, Monsieur le Marquis—" to be immediately interrupted with: "Just so. Pour tant. For so much a month do you do me such service!"

The Baron found the invalid sitting discontentedly among the strange medley of his surroundings, a magnificent cloak of blue fox trailing on the sanded floor, a number of costly objects scattered about over the furniture, a soft luxury of toilet perfumes overpowering the paraffin.

"Do me the favor to take a seat," said the Marquis.

The Baron sat down.

"I am about to be impolite," continued the invalid. "I am an old man, and the circumstances of the case must serve as my excuse. May I venture to ask, Monsieur de Rexelaer—forgive me—whether you still retain unaltered your intention of traveling abroad?"

The Baron strove hard to steady his eyebrows.

"But yes," he said, abruptly.

"And am I then to understand that you still do me the honor of proposing the possibility of my becoming the purchaser of your house in this place, which you no longer require?"

The Baron von Rexelaer got up and began to pace to and fro. He saw a look of fatigue and annoyance go flitting across the sick man's face. He remembered that he had been asked to sit, and so sat down again.

"Yes," he said.

"Then will you permit me to say that I have reconsidered your offer, which took me by surprise yesterday at an unfortunate moment. As I mentioned to you before, I want a quiet place to die in. That is all. You do not wish to let?"

"I could not," said the Baron. "I must sell—sell the whole estate—or nothing."

"So I understood," replied Monsieur de la Jolais. "Personally, of course, I should much have preferred a far smaller purchase. But I cannot help myself, and, when I am dead, it matters nothing what becomes of my money." This was true, yet even "the most extravagantly selfish nobleman in Belgium" would hardly have made up his mind to such vast gratification of his dying whim, had it not been for the thought of young Reinout, the other Rexelaer, over yonder at the Hague.

"You have no children?" said the Baron. "Still, it

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

seemed to me that there is a young Monsieur de la Jolais in the regiment of the Guides."

"But, you know all about us, Monsieur," rejoined the Marquis with a faint smile. "It is my cousin. He is a young rogue who only this year neglected my Saint's Day for the races. I shall leave him Saint-Leu and its belongings. Nothing more. Saint-Leu is my home."

"I know," said the Baron, sadly. "Who does not? One knows of Chatsworth, of Dampierre. Even the vulgar. One knows of Saint-Leu."

The Marquis was gratified, whether dying or not. He nodded approval. "But I am taking up your time," he said. "If you will kindly direct me to the person whom you wish to act for you, provided he understands French, I will send my servant, who is entirely trustworthy, to settle the whole matter without delay."

"Monsieur," replied the Baron hastily, "if you will permit me, let us have no intermediaries. The various mortgages on Deynum amount to four hundred thousand florins. The net produce of the estate is about twelve thousand. We must not ask what thousands the building of the Castle has cost. I am told that, at the present moment, if sold by auction, it would hardly realize three hundred and twenty."

"I offer you three hundred and twenty," said the Marquis, "on certain conditions. One is that you allow me to take over all the furniture I require, exclusive of heirlooms, at a valuation."

"Take the heirlooms too!" burst out the Baron, losing his hold.

"Exclusive of heirlooms," repeated the Marquis, softly. "These, if you wish, I will have properly catalogued and put aside. My second condition is that the secret of my identity be inviolably kept, by yourself, on your word of honor, by any official concerned in the matter, on oath."

The Baron bowed.

"I have a third condition which I hardly like to bring forward. My days are numbered. I am anxious—I should wish—"

"Monsieur," said the Baron. "In forty-eight hours." The other did not protest. In decency he could not.

"I," said the Baron, taking up his hat, "I also have a condition. One only. I should wish to have it inserted in the contract."

"And it is?"

"That you and your heirs and assignees after you solemnly bind yourselves never to sell the estate, or any part of the estate, to a person who calls himself Count Hilarius van Rexelaer, or to any of his descendants, relations, or connections."

The Marquis waited some considerable time before he answered. Then he asked wearily: "Say it again, please."

Baron van Rexelaer repeated the clause, slowly. "Sell the estate, or part of the estate—that I will promise. Certainly. I have no objection," said M. de la Jolais with half-closed eyes.

"Or let," added the Baron, delighted at his own perspicacity.

"Or let. Undoubtedly. The clause to be binding in perpetuity. Au revoir."

The Baron van Rexelaer stumbled over the door-step, and crept down the steep stairs. He was not thinking very much of his loss; he realized it no more than a fond woman realizes her husband's sudden death at her side. He was debating how he should raise the money still wanting to complete the mortgage and yet manage to support his wife and child.

It was a very lovely morning in the park, brilliant with deep-golden sunshine, cheerfully warm and yet freshly invigorating—with no sound but the occasional rustle of a falling leaf through the quiet glow of the cool brown landscape.

He must go and tell his wife first of all. He stopped abruptly in the lane. There was a deeper depth, then, even to deeper sorrow.

Mevrouw was out in the grounds, they told him. Gustave, who spent the greater part of his time watching—or, as he called it, "watching over"—"his family," had

seen Mevrouw go out with the Freule. The Baron wandered away, down one of the avenues, pondering over the deficit. And his unconscious footsteps led him naturally to the chapel, where he found his wife, alone.

He saw her through the open door, kneeling in the dimness by the chancel. He crept slowly into the building, and came close to her, and knelt by her side.

The Baroness was muttering paternosters. Her husband gently checked her. "Let us pray," he said, "for strength in tribulation, in deepest tribulation." And they prayed.

The little chapel was very silent, darkly shadowed, beneath its marble heroes and pictured saints.

"I sometimes wonder," said the Baron, when they had concluded, "whether our petitions really reach His throne."

"Oh, hush, hush!" whispered the lady, in a low voice of horror. She spoke as one who sees suddenly evoked before him visions of the dead.

"Are you so confident, dearest," said the Baron, in the same hushed accents, "that he would leave us Deynum, were we to ask it of Him?"

"He has left it us hitherto," replied his wife, evasively.

"But were He to take it from us—supposing He had already taken it from us—would He, will He give us strength to bear the loss?"

The White Baroness rose slowly to her feet. "It is impossible," she said. "I will not believe it. Reinout, my husband, why do you speak of these things?"

Reinout van Rexelaer flung himself prone on the altar-steps.

"Oh God," he cried with a sudden loudness that seemed to strike against the solemn hush around. "Oh God that hearest not petitions for this world's prosperity, hear now our cry for strength to bear the weight of prayers unheard!"

He lay silent, with his hands before his face. And she stood beside him, white, and silent too.

Many minutes had passed, when she stooped forward and laid her hand upon his shoulder. She drew the fingers away from his face, and slowly lifted it upward. Her own was set hard and strong as if carved in marble.

"Happy they," she said, "who suffer blameless for their father's sins. Yours, my darling, was a heritage of ruin, mortgaged acres and a noble name. And the name is nobler now in your unsullied keeping than ever knight has held in the days of yore. And the lands!—God gave them: man has taken. You and I, we have each other. Love is God's to give, not even his to take away!"

She pointed to the blazon over the chancel-window, as he still knelt staring at her with troubled eyes: "Ipsa glorior infamia," she said.

He rose to his feet and made as if he would have kissed her. But she put him away.

"Strong," she said. "Strong. We have struggled to retrieve the misdoings of our fathers. We have struggled our life long, and the end has been vain. And we are utterly ashamed. But ours is a glorious shame."

He had neither the courage nor the power at that moment to undeceive her in the midst of what, at best, was but a partial truth.

"Papa! mamma!" cried the child's bright voice at the chapel door. It dropped as she came up the little aisle. "I have been looking everywhere for you, mamma." There was a note of petulance in her words. It seemed to her young restlessness that her mother was perpetually praying.

"Shall we tell her?" asked her father aloud. The mother nodded yes. "Child," he continued, turning full toward his daughter. "We are going to leave Deynum. We are going away."

She brought her hands swiftly together, as if to clap them, then checked herself, remembering where she was. "Oh delicious!" she said, with bated ecstasy. "Are we to stay with my Uncle de Heerle! Or, papa, will you take me to the Hague at last?"

"Hush! Wendela, you must not—"

"But you have promised for the last three years."

"You must not misunderstand me, little daughter. We are going, never to return."

Wendela stamped her foot on the marble floor, an old, bad habit of her impetuous nature, which required a lot of breaking. "But no," she said, "I do not understand."

"It is going to be sold," interposed the Baron, desperately.

As the words fell upon her, the child's face seemed for a moment to harden and lose all its youthfulness. It grew sharp and thin; it would have been wonderfully like her mother's but for the flaming eyes.

"Sold," she repeated, as if thinking out the word—then fiercely:

"Papa, this is not *your* wickedness!"

"Wanda?" cried her mother, but her father motioned back all protest. "Wickedness?" he said. "No, we are too poor to keep it, and therefore—"

"Then it is God's," she burst out, and, leaping up the altar-steps, she suddenly struck down, in fierce passion, one of the great vases filled with white chrysanthemums, sending its beautiful weight in clattering fragments over the floor. And then she fled away, she knew not whither, in a loud tempest of weeping.

Piet Poster found her, half an hour later, curled up near Lady Bertha's Cross, under the trees, in a limp bundle of misery.

"What is it, Freule? Are you asleep?" he asked of a lot of tumbled hair on two rounded arms. But no voice would answer, nor any feature show itself.

Something told him, however, that the silent figure was not asleep, but animate, watchful, listening. We always feel that. He was alarmed, or perhaps a little curious. He gently touched, then shook, an irresponsive arm. Then, although he was only a little peasant-boy, he hit upon a powerful ruse.

"She is ill," he said, aloud. "I must go for somebody."

And he ran a few steps. She started to her feet immediately, hot and ruffled. "Can't you leave me alone?" she cried. "I want to be quiet."

He came back quite close. "I'm so sorry," he said. "You've been crying. What is it?"

"I'm not crying," she answered, angrily.

He was too much of a gentleman to amend his words or to charge her with prevarication.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I didn't know." And he departed, with his hands pushed down tight into the pockets of his rusty small-clothes.

Upon which she, being a woman right down to the very bottom of her twelve-year-old development, called him back. "Piet," she said, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," he made answer stolidly, with a still lower push of his tightly-wedged arms.

"But I mean a real secret. Really, truly. Never to tell nobody till somebody else tells you."

"Yes," said Piet, and lifted his blue eyes and looked at her.

"I am going away for good," said Wendela, with a catch in her throat, and then, giving way to the very luxury of grief: "We shall never see each other any more."

Piet stood some moments immovable, his round pink and white face very troubled. At last he said sturdily:

"Never is a long word, Freule."

She was piqued. "You don't care," she cried. "You've been saying all along that things weren't as they used to be. You've got another sweetheart. I know you have."

"No, I haven't," interrupted Piet.

"Yes, you have. And you'll want me less than ever now I can't make you Lord of Deynum. Though I should never have done that, for you're only a peasant-boy. You're a bad boy, besides, and it was only my fun."

"I know that, but I'm not a bad boy," replied Piet, "And you'll come back to Deynum when you've done."

"Done what? We're all going. Oh you stupid, the Castle is going to be sold."

"Sold," repeated the boy, just as his young mistress had done an hour ago. He gave such a dig with his fists that something cracked about his chubby, black-clothed body.

He was a slow-thinking boy; it took him a long time to work round to what he was in search of. Ultimately he said:

"I'll give you all my marbles. I'll give you the crystal one with the silver lamb inside."

"I don't want your marbles."

"Yes, you do, Freule. You've teased me about that silver one for weeks."

"I tell you I don't want 'em. I don't want anything. Never no more. You're a horrid boy. Go away. I thought you would have cried any amount about never seeing me again."

Piet Poster was utterly at a loss. "I am dreadfully sorry," he said. "More than about anything. More than if Nick had died."

"Thank you! To compare me to your goat!" cried Wendela in high indignation.

"But boys don't cry, Freule, when they're sorry. I never cry, never since I was a little boy."

"You're a little boy still. And you cried when mamma scolded you for letting Nick get among her flowers."

"That's different. Your mamma didn't scold me, and then something made me cry; I couldn't help it. But I didn't cry when father thrashed me for it."

Wendela walked off, without condescending to further parley. She had seen Piet's father coming up along the lane. And she called back with sudden misgiving: "Remember, it's a fearful secret, Piet!"

The head-gardener heard the words. "What's this?" he said roughly to his son. "What mischief have you been up to again with the Freule?"

"It's no harm, father."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"It's a secret, father: I can't tell."

Poster was a brute. He struck the child a heavy blow on the head. "I'll teach you to answer me like that," he said. "Tell me this instant."

"I can't," said Piet, vainly trying to avoid a second blow. His father's curiosity was aroused. Piet Poster had a bad time of it that morning.

"They have no right to sell it," said Wendela to herself fiercely, again and again. "It is *mine*!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN ARISTOCRAT'S IDEA OF THE LAW

The news was all over the village in a couple of hours. The head gardener felt the more angry with his son for having deprived him of the "primeur."

The Baron knew that everyone knew—had he not ordered his steward to publish the tidings?—and in each meeting with each of his vassals lay hidden a fresh dis-crowning.

He locked himself up in his room. That was a weakness, and so he told himself. The Baroness went among her poor as usual, encountered, at every step, by red eyes and looks of dull despair. One or two tried to speak, but she motioned them imperiously into silence, and then inquired after their ailments, or the baby.

The Baron, in the solitude of his private room, had enough to occupy him. Never, perhaps, was a home of many centuries so hurriedly shifted from hand to hand, and two days supervened of ceaseless packing and much confusion. All that the Baron wished to retain was rapidly inventoried by the steward and stowed away in the great drawing-room: the armor, the portraits, the safes with the plate and jewelry, and, above all, the archives. There was a great jumble of it, all huddled pell-mell, boxes and chests, and heavy oak cupboards, "to be arranged hereafter;" with his own hand the Baron had locked them. The servants were active, but flurried, some of them deeply grieved and aggrieved, others interested and amused.

The Baron sat before his account books. They are seldom pleasant reading to an honest man, for an honest man is usually a poor one. To him, who had been quite honest, but very imprudent, they were unpleasant reading indeed. His recent losses at the Stock Exchange had, in

spite of all his computations, exceeded anything he could have imagined possible, and the crash of the last day's sale had made them irretrievable. He had seen the ripe apple falling straight into Count Rexelaer's lap, and, with a sudden impulse, had dashed it away to the Belgian. And with the Baron there was no question of mere rivalry or malice in this solemn struggle to keep the dead lion's skin unsullied by the shoulders of the Pseudo-Rexelaer. It was the one duty he still owed to his dying race, that it should die.

The Count at the Hague would undoubtedly have paid more than any other living man—it was this which Strum had rightly taken into consideration. Had the Count not been willing to assume the entire weight of the mortgages? And the Baron could well have used the money. To pay off the entire debt on the estate and to meet the demand from his brokers he must sell whatever funded property he possessed, and yet, count up his assets as often as he would, he still always found himself confronted by a deficit of fifty thousand florins. It is a small sum to have, but it is an immense sum to want. He must have it to save him from bankruptcy. Yet—be it noted at once—this does not mean that he was absolutely penniless. It means, unfortunately, that some thirty thousand florins of his wife's little property had been unexpectedly swallowed up in the vortex, but an income of four thousand (£330) still remained secure, this being derived from a fund not under his control, of which Strum, as the family notary, was hereditary trustee. It was Rexelaer money, the sum having been set aside by a head of the house in the seventeenth century, with the especial object of forming a small annual allowance to be paid, in perpetuity, to the wife of the reigning lord, under the name of "The Lady's Dole." It had been so paid to this day.

"The Notary Strum is waiting," announced Gustave in a loud voice, after having twice vainly coughed. It was Gustave's peculiarity to indicate every one as far as possible by his trade or profession. "There are too many masters now-a-days," he said. "Look at me. I am plain Gustave Gorgel." And he would throw out his chest and look very big and splendid. The words were modest.

The Baron started, and dropped his pen. "Just so," he said. "Let him come in. You find me very busy, Strum. It has come so unexpectedly, this decision to go abroad. But I hope the change will do Mevrouw good. She is looking very white."

"Mevrouw has always looked white," said Strum. He sat down, all of a piece, as if he were afraid of dropping some part of himself and losing it. He was calmly contented. The sale would bring him in a large profit, and he would probably become agent to an absentee owner. The Baron was a fool not to have preferred the better buyer, but that was the baron's business. He, Strum, had done his duty.

"Still, I hope the climate of Germany will do her good," said Mynheer van Rexelaer.

"The climate of Germany is large, Mynheer. Which part of it is to benefit the Baroness?"

"I—I am not certain as yet where we shall go."

"You are only certain, Mynheer, that you must be gone." Strum dropped his eyes over his great gloved hands, and spread out the hands on his knees. The shadow of the majesty of Deynum had lain over him ever since his babyhood. In another day or two he would be rid of these Rexelaers for ever. Ouf!

"Strum," said the Baron, roused to his duty by the Notary's insolence. "We are ruined. You know it. It would have broken your good father's heart had he lived to see this day."

"My good father's heart was continually breaking, but he managed to live very well on the fragments. 'Never mind a cracked heart,' I have heard him say, 'if only your head be sound.'"

For the moment the Baron felt agreeably cooled by this succession of douches. It was quite easy, he found, to confront his old dependants if they remained indifferent to, or even secretly gloried in, his discomfiture.

"I have sent for you, sir," he said haughtily, "to transact business. There is one point especially which I must

speak about. The fund under your administration, known as 'The Lady's Dole,' amounts at present, I believe, to a sum total of about one hundred thousand florins. I speak under correction?"

The Notary nodded, and blinked his eyes behind their spectacles.

"According to the terms of the settlement that money becomes the property of the last representative of the house, as soon as it is absolutely certain that there will be no more Baronesses van Rexelaer. That time has come. The certainty has existed for several years. There will be no more Baronesses van Rexelaer."

The Notary shrugged his shoulders.

"I require the money now to pay off the mortgages. That is to say: I require half of it. We must sell out."

"But your own private property, Mynheer?" began young Nicholas in—for him—an insinuating tone.

"I require the money," repeated the Baron in a louder voice. "And, according to the terms of the settlement, as I say, there is no reason for reserving it any longer."

The Notary took off his spectacles and commenced carefully rubbing them. And then a sly leer crept over his naked-looking face—we all know the suddenly undressed appearance of these short-sighted eyes—and he murmured:

"Except the fortunate fact that your lady is not yet deceased."

"What has that to do with it?" cried the Baron, indignantly. "Do you expect Mevrouw to object? Shall we have her in?"

"No, no," cried the Notary, hastily.

"I should think not," said Mynheer van Rexelaer, sinking back in scorn. "As I pointed out, Mevrouw is the last of those who could possibly be entitled to the interest, and she will be only too glad to forego it, if the capital can be used on my behalf and her own."

"But, unfortunately, trustees must be guided by their trust alone. Mine enjoins me to preserve the capital intact as long as there exists, or can exist, a consort of a Rexelaer van Deynum. It can therefore only be paid over to your widow or, if you survive the Baroness, to your daughter after your death. Surely you see that."

But he did not see it, simple-minded gentleman that he was. "Am I to believe," he cried nervously, "that you refuse me this money which belongs by rights to my wife and myself? Surely *you* can understand that she is the last Baroness."

Strum readjusted his spectacles and looked down.

"You refuse?" cried the Baron, hotly, rising in his seat. "Yes or no?"

Strum pushed back his chair with a grating jerk along the floor. "And supposing the Baroness were to die," he said, roughly. "Supposing you were to marry again. You are barely sixty. Supposing—"

"Hold!" shouted the Baron, beside himself. "You insult me. I shall not marry again. I want money. I must have it. *Must*, do you hear? It is the only possible means of avoiding disgrace. For centuries your ancestors have been the faithful servants of an illustrious house. I am an old man; you are a young one. For the last time I ask you: Will you rescue the name of Rexelaer?" He breathed hard. Oh, the humiliation of this pleading!

"I can't do it!" burst out Nicholas with an oath. He was moved, in spite of his common sense. "You want to make a dishonest man of me. I won't. And my dead father whom you always respected—"

"Go!" thundered the Baron, pointing to the door.

"Why didn't you sell to Count Rexelaer, Mynheer the Baron?" Strum went on recklessly. "I had arranged it all for you, and there would have been money enough." He came nearer; a sudden idea had seized him. "The heirlooms," he suggested, eagerly, with the old smile of suppliant impertinence upon his speckled face. "The portraits and all the rest? Count Rexelaer would give a lot for those."

And then, in the dimness and the whirlwind, the Baron struck him.

[To be continued.]

# The Home

## The Average Woman

Women's manners are and long have been the subject of much discussion. It has been said that women usurp the rights of others, intrude on the time of other people without conscience; that by thoughtlessness and indifference they detract much from the peace of life, and add irritation to friction. One popular writer accuses women of presuming on their sex in their relations with men, especially in business, and asserts that they are spiteful to each other. He sums up their offenses under the following heads:

*First*—The indifference with which a woman will contemplate the fact that the convenience of others has been sacrificed to her caprice. Very observable in *young* women.

*Second*—The needless delay a woman often causes in making her appearance when visitors have called upon her. Most commonly noticed among women who are no longer classed as girls.

*Third*—The unwillingness of a woman to wait for another to finish speaking before beginning to speak herself. Characteristic of nearly all women.

*Fourth*—Woman's failure to recognize the importance of an engagement. Most noticeable among women who have the fewest social duties.

What I do insist upon, however, is this: that in public the average woman shows an inconsiderateness, a disregard for the ordinary courtesies of existence (which amounts sometimes to positive insolence), to a degree which is not anywhere nearly approached by the average man.

There is a degree of truth in what this writer says; it is true of some women—of women enough to detract from the comfort of the whole. But rudeness, spitefulness, indifference to engagements, an impetuosity of ideas that demands or seems to demand relief in speech, are not sins monopolized by women; they share them with their brethren. The average woman, like the average man, represents the average intelligence and culture of our people. It is not the exceptional man or woman who is representative. The manners that prevail represent the popular conception of what is good.



## Scallop-Shells and their Uses

By S. A. Allen

What treasures are tossed up on the beaches at our very feet by the ocean waves! How can we utilize these numberless dainty objects—the beautiful shells, delicate seaweeds, branching fronds of sponge, starfishes, cast-off shells of crabs, and other odd and pretty things? Chief among these, and most easily adapted to decorative purposes, is the well-known scallop-shell, or pecten, as it is designated by the conchologist. Perhaps some account of this most attractive shell will prove of interest to the reader.

Scallops are bivalve mollusks of the family Pectinidæ, some species of which are found abundantly in nearly all seas. They vary much in size, in color, and in the character of their markings. The common scallop of our own coast (*Pecten irradians*) is a good representative of the group, though of small size in comparison with some of the larger kinds, in which the valves attain the dimension of a large saucer or small tea-plate, while ours rarely exceed the size of a small "individual" butter-plate. They are all finely ribbed and ornamented with bright tints. The shells of the large *Pecten islandicus*, found from the coast of Maine northward, are sometimes used as fancy baking-dishes in which scalloped oysters or other scalloped fish may be baked and served.

The scallop of our markets consists of merely the large adductor muscle, which is the only part that is used for food, of the common scallop of our Eastern coast. These mollusks occur in abundance along the southern shores of

Cape Cod, at Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and along portions of the Long Island and Jersey coasts. They live in the shallow bays filled with eel-grass, and are often washed ashore alive in the windrows of eel-grass thrown up by the heavy storms of late summer. But the scallop is nomadic; no one locality can be sure of its crop, no matter how abundant they may have been the previous seasons. Although the shells themselves are so attractive, the living mollusk is far more beautiful, the edge of the mantle as it projects in life slightly beyond the border of the shell being thickly studded with little eyes that display all the brilliant tints of the rainbow. The scallop moves rapidly in the water by quickly opening and closing its valves, which action violently expels the water from the body cavity, the resistance of which forces the animal forward by a series of jerks, so that it appears to leap through the water. Great schools of these curious shells are sometimes seen thus darting about in the water.

The spawning takes place during the summer, and continues as late as September. The growth during the autumn is quite rapid, but it is claimed that further advancement ceases as soon as winter sets in. The following summer, when the scallops are about one year old, the growth begins again, and is very great during the succeeding autumn months. At this age they are marketable, being from fifteen to eighteen months old. They are gathered for market by dredging them from the bottoms of the shallow bays which they inhabit. The dredges are put over the sides and stern of the boat, and towed after her as she sails backward and forward over the dredging-ground. As I have said, the only part of the scallop used for market is the great white muscle, known to the fishermen as the "eye" or "heart." This is extracted from the shell by a process termed "cutting out," which is a dexterous motion, or rather a combination of three motions, of the short knife of the opener. When they are full grown, a bushel of scallops will yield a gallon of meats. The meats are packed in wooden boxes or tubs, and transported, if possible, without ice, as contact with it impairs the flavor. The meat has a fresh, sweetish, and somewhat insipid flavor, not usually appreciated by the uneducated palate. Scallops are usually eaten either fried or boiled, and sometimes pickled. The trade is confined principally to the New England States and the New York markets.

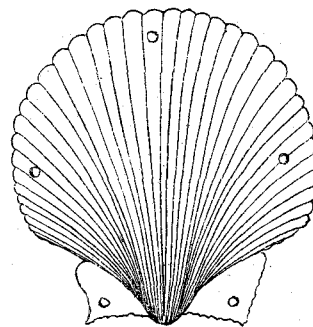


Fig. 1

At fishing stations where scallops abound great mounds of shells often accumulate, which are left to slowly decay by the action of the elements, or are utilized as a fertilizer, or as hardening for the sandy roads of some neighboring village. Fortunate are we if in our seaside rambles we make the discovery of one of these piles of scallop-shells among the useless odds and ends so characteristic of fish-houses by the sea. Many may be found, however, washed up on the beach at points where the scallops are abundant in the adjacent waters.

The shell is subject to great variation in coloring, the flatter valve being often white, and always of a lighter color than the other valve. Sometimes both valves are white, orange, ochreous, reddish or purplish, and sometimes they are zoned or mottled with two or more of these colors. On this account they are very pleasing to the eye, and may be employed extensively in the way of decoration; some examples of this are shown in this article.

To cleanse and prepare the shells for use, wash them thoroughly in water and vinegar of about equal parts, rinse them in clean water, and after they are perfectly dry bring out the colors more distinctly by giving them a coating of thin, clear shellac.

Get a small hand or needle drill, and bore holes in each end of the hinge part, as shown in cut of single pecten (Fig. 1.). For some purposes it will be necessary to drill

holes also in the sides and center of the outer edge, as illustrated in the same cut. In drilling, place the shell, with the inner side down, on a small piece of pine board, and do not allow the drill to press too heavily on the shell, as it is easily crushed.

A newspaper rack for a seaside library or reading-room may be appropriately and tastefully decorated by using these treasures of the deep. Cut, from very heavy cardboard, two pieces sixteen inches long by thirteen wide. Cover the one for the outside with seagreen plush or velvet.

Sew on this at the center, near the top, as shown in illustration (Fig. 2.), a star-fish or horseshoe crab; encircle this with a row of scallop-shells, starting with the large size at the lower side and graduating to the top. In each corner place a single large shell, or a group of smaller shells. After the shells are sewed in place, the cardboard is lined with silk, satin, or linen.

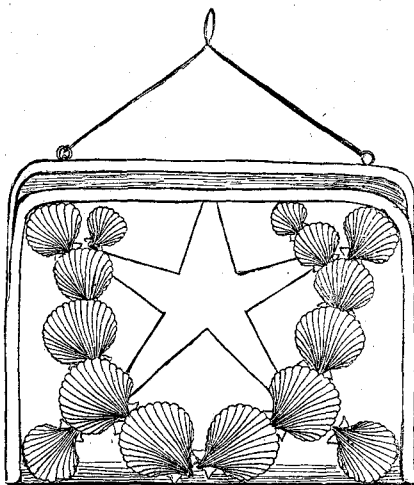


Fig. 2

The holes in the outer edge and sides of the pecten are necessarily used in attaching them to the cardboard when arranged in this manner. Where the two coverings are joined, the stitches are concealed by a fancy upholstering cord. The piece of cardboard for the back of the rack is covered on the face with some bright-colored silk or satin, denim or linen being used for the side next the wall. The edges are joined and finished with a cord, as for the front. The two pieces are joined by sewing them firmly together at the bottom with saddlers' silk, or strong linen thread. A gilt chain may be used for hanging, or the cord will answer. The sides are supported at the right angle for holding papers by means of small chains or cords, one at each end, attached near the top.

One of the daintiest methods of utilizing the smaller shells is in making clusters of hanging sachets, to be attached to curtains or other drapery. To make one of these sachets, cut a melon-shaped piece of satin or velvet, about five inches in length and three wide at the widest part; baste to this a thin lining of muslin; add two slightly smaller pieces of wadding, putting between them a teaspoonful of sachet powder, with a pinch of salt.

Fold the edges of all together lengthwise, gather with strong thread, and draw up as tightly as possible; fasten the end firmly, and place a shell on each side, with the hinge edge of the shells over the gathered portion; sew them in place by putting the needle through the holes and through the sachet, fastening the thread securely; tie a ribbon-bow over the hinge

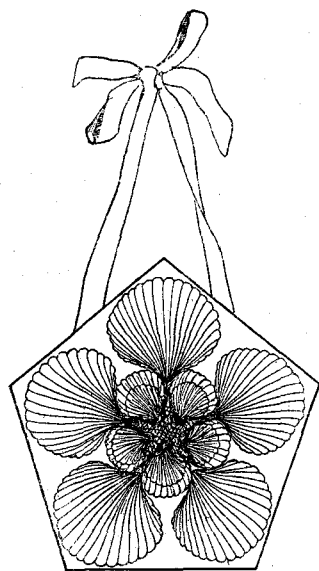


Fig. 3

to conceal it, and fasten the bow in place with a few concealed stitches.

The decorated pin-holder is very easily made. Two five-sided pieces of cardboard, about four inches in diameter, are covered with any bright silk or velvet, the shells being arranged as illustrated (Fig. 3), sewed to the covered cardboard, and the hinges of the shells concealed

by a bunch of baby-ribbon in the center; the two pieces are then overhanded together, and the pin-case is finished. Such a pin-holder will prove a convenient article for the library, or any room where pins are needed, and pincushions proper not admitted.

Bright-colored sash-ribbon, especially of a pink or green shade, makes tasteful banners when decorated with these shells. They may be arranged to form crescents, stars, diamonds, or other designs, and finished at the bottom with a fringe of the smallest shells. Such decorations are particularly pretty for covering the narrow spaces between doors, windows, pictures, etc. They may also be made long enough to hang from the ceiling, and fastened at the bottom to the floor so as to effectually conceal the useful but inartistic steam pipes in a steam-heated apartment.

Among the most useful as well as dainty of decorated articles are the little baskets which may be utilized as catchalls for small articles on my lady's bureau. To make these, cut for the bottom two pieces of cardboard in hexagon or octagon shape, and about five and a half inches in diameter. Cover each piece as directed for the other articles described, though silk, either China or surah, is preferable for these. For the sides of the basket cut a strip of silk, twenty-seven inches in length and four and a half to five wide for the larger shells, the depth to be governed by the size of the shells used. This strip of silk is sewed in a seam at the ends, one edge turned over three-quarters of an inch, as for a hem, and gathered; the other edge is gathered singly, and sewed close to the edge of the uncovered side of one of the pieces of cardboard. The shells are then sewed to the cardboard by using the holes in the hinges, and are also fastened to the gathered hem at the top by sewing through the middle hole near the outer edge of the shell (see Fig. 1). This hole should be just a quarter of an inch above the gathers, so that the silk will extend in a frill a little above the top of the shell. One shell should be used to each section of the hexagon, or octagon, as the case may be. The shells are fastened together by baby-ribbon run through the holes at the sides and tied in small bows. The other piece of cardboard, covered side out, is overhanded to the bottom of the basket that has been already sewed in, and the little basket is complete. Similar baskets are made and sold at the shops during the holidays; these, however, have sides of cardboard, and are rather stiff-looking. The shells, when firmly sewed to the cardboard at the bottom, and tied with ribbon at the sides, are found to be sufficiently firm for all uses to which one would naturally put such a frail basket. These shell baskets are especially pretty when made of pale-green or rose-colored silk, and sell readily at church fairs.



## A Specimen Weakness

An incident was told as a fact in the woman's column of one of our daily papers recently, which reveals how brutal a supposedly refined woman can be. A young girl was asked to meet a prominent woman novelist at a luncheon. The novelist was the cause of the luncheon, and naturally held the attention of the guests. She told of being in a large book-store in New York the day before, when she overheard a young girl ask for one of her books, saying to her companion, "Mamma says her books are trash, but I must read one or two, for I am going to meet her at a luncheon." The novelist was asked to reveal the identity of her detractor, but refused, saying, "No, that's *our* secret. I hope that my little critic, having read my books, may judge me more leniently." A young girl present went to the novelist afterward and apologized, saying, "Will you forgive me? I thought your book lovely!" Imagine the feelings of a sensitive girl compelled to sit quietly through the telling of that incident, knowing that the story was aimed at her! She had no opinion; she quoted that authority of most daughters, her mother. The novelist

showed clearly how much she had to learn; the rudeness was not the girl's, but the woman's, who, to quote herself, "had her revenge."



## Baby's First Wardrobe

By Mary A. Allen, M.D.

A more striking contrast could scarcely be imagined than that between the immediate pre-natal and the immediate post-natal condition of the human being. Pre-natally he lives in solitary, airless, soundless darkness, close-enfolded, in equable warmth, yet with entire freedom of motion, and each movement cushioned with an elastic fluid which prevents jars or concussions. As soon as he enters upon an independent existence his lungs are invaded by atmospheric air; his sensitive skin pinched by cold, which, however balmy to those accustomed to it, is to him like rigorous winter; his eyes are assailed by light, his ears bombarded by sound, and his movements are resisted by comparatively unyielding substances.

To add to these discomforts, which are inevitable, the kind hearts of those who love him best have invented many ingenious methods of torture. Perhaps he is further chilled by being plunged into a bath, and then irritated by rubbing. He is rolled in prickly flannels, bound by bands, weighted down by long clothing, scratched by embroideries, turned over and over, jolted, tossed, and handled until he is seasick, and then gorged with unaccustomed food, talked to, sung to, kissed, and rocked. Is it any wonder that he has colic and jaundice, or that he wails and bemoans his cruel fate? If we could maintain pre-natal conditions as far as possible, we should do much to promote health and consequent comfort for all concerned.

I have always rebelled against the tight bands of infants' clothing, and years ago made what seemed to me quite a reform, in that I discarded all fashion of clothing which made the remaining in place dependent upon the tightness with which the garments were pinned. But it never occurred to me that we might for a few days, or even weeks, dispense with what might be called garments. When I used to read that the infant Jesus was wrapped in "swaddling clothes," my imagination pictured the long, flowing dress of our infants; but after seeing the babies of Continental Europe I had an enlightenment as to the meaning of that expression, and it also seemed to me that it was an enlightenment as to better methods of treating new-born infants. A description of the "*Einwicklung*" of German babies illustrates their manner of "swaddling," a modification of which I believe might advantageously be adopted by us.

The little German baby, after his cleansing with oil, is dressed simply in a single short garment. Loosely drawn between his limbs are napkins for protection. He is then laid obliquely on a soft quilt, which is drawn around him on all sides and tied by numerous wrappings of ribbon, or a crocheted band. He now looks something like a cross between an Indian papoose and a mummy, but he seems to enjoy it. I have seen at one time, in the lying-in hospital in Vienna, Austria, two hundred women, each with a baby under ten days old swaddled after this manner, and have often wondered why I so seldom heard the babies cry, and I came to believe that it was because they found themselves in conditions not so far removed from those to which they had been accustomed. This suggested to me the advisability of adopting to some extent this manner of dressing young infants. The preparation for the first few weeks of life might be a small, soft, wadded quilt of cheese-cloth, upon which could be placed a square of unbleached muslin, which is nearly impervious to moisture. Over this put a layer of very soft flannel. One corner of the quilt should be turned down and covered with fine muslin or linen. Upon this the baby's head is to be placed, and the quilt drawn close from side to side, then the end folded over and pinned down. One or two safety-pins would hold all firmly in place. The wrapping, done loosely, allows all movements of which the feeble limbs are capable, and at

the same time protects them from all possible draughts, while permitting frequent examinations with greater facility than long skirts allow. The little creature finds itself surrounded by an equable warmth, his back and head are supported, and he is more easily lifted or carried, especially by inexperienced hands. If first cleansed with warm oil, dressed in a loose shirt, protected by a soft napkin, and "swaddled" in such a quilt, he would indeed be a rebellious spirit if he were not amiable, especially if correctly fed. A word as to the primal garment may not be amiss. I found it quite desirable to have the long shirt-sleeve made without the seam that binds the arm at the shoulder. This is accomplished by having the back seam go only from wrist to elbow, the upper part of the sleeve cut whole, and the sleeve itself running up to the neck in a point, the shoulder being cut away for this purpose.

In fact, this method of sleeve-making is suitable for all garments, dresses as well as underclothing. The swaddling may be continued a longer or shorter period, according to the health and strength of the child. When he becomes vigorous enough to use his limbs with some freedom he may be removed from his retreat and introduced to clothes.



## Concerning Care-Taking

By M. F. Butts

"What would I like if I were sick, helpless, confined to one room for days, weeks, months?" In asking this question over and over even an inexperienced girl may get some insight into the needs of an invalid, and be truly a help and care-taker. I am certain that many young girls feel their crudeness, rawness, so to speak: they are spiritually bony and unfeathered, to take an illustration from the chicken world. In critical periods of household life they would be glad to "take hold in the right place"—be of use in lifting the too heavy burdens; nurse the sick mother or father; in short, be a blessing and sunshine-maker at home.

But many girls, most young persons, in fact, are thoughtless, brusque in their movements—stepping heavily, it may be; leaving doors open that ought to be shut, or shutting doors with a snap or a bang that irritates sensitive nerves; allowing the air of the sick-room to become too warm or too cool; keeping windows open or closed according to their own convenience; burying themselves in a fascinating story, and making it necessary for the invalid to ask for every little service.

Light movements, alert attention that yet is not fussy, quietness of spirit, lovingness of feeling, help alleviate the pain and weariness of a long illness. An invalid may long for a slight change of position, a sip of fresh water, more or less air, a sniff at the cologne-bottle—a dozen trifling services that she or he will hesitate to ask for if the girl nurse appears tired, reluctant, self-absorbed, or out of sorts. Often the sick one, with nerves exhausted by suffering, says inwardly, "I would rather go without it than ask for it." But ever so little endurance of this kind retards recovery—may do untold injury.

I was sitting with a sick friend lately when the young daughter nurse, taking advantage of my presence, slipped from the room. In a few moments she returned with a cup of steaming chocolate. She put it to the mother's lips, and it was gratefully, eagerly drank after the first sip had tested its delicious quality. The invalid had been fasting for many hours, the delicate appetite refusing all suggestions of food. If the little nurse had questioned whether chocolate were wanted, the reply would have been a negative. It was the thoughtfulness that provided the cup that was the valuable quality. The thought-quality can be cultivated, and it is worth while to take pains to this end. Reflect for a moment upon the weariness of the poor body that for some reason must lie in the same position for hours and hours unless some helpful hand comes to its assistance. There is a wrinkle in sheet or garment that presses painfully against the tender flesh; the shoul-

ders ache; the head is in an uncomfortable position; the bed is hot or hard or cold. Little tender touches and smoothings, rubs and hitches, do wonders; bathing the face and hands, brushing the hair, straightening the bed-covers—many things that the invalid cannot be expected to think of, has not the strength to think of—all help wonderfully toward the endurance of the weary moments—moments winged for well persons but weighted for the invalid.

If once the sick one feels that he or she is thus tenderly taken into the thought of daughter or friend, a certain ease of nerve is established, there is a letting-go that is conducive to recovery. It is like being taken into strong arms—like leaning the head upon a tender bosom. The professional nurse, if she have a true vocation, understands all this; but the young daughters who have loving hearts and quick intelligence, but small experience, may gain by a few hints.

Invalids have delicate sensibilities. A coarse cup or plate, with nicks and cracks, may make the meal unpalatable; the crushed napkin, the untidy table is sure to offend though the feeling may be carefully concealed. Nowhere is daintiness so necessary as in a sick-room. When the loving mother who has so skillfully nursed the daughter is in her turn helpless, it is hard for her to miss the order, the delicacy, the deftness that she so appreciates.

Let the girl-nurse set herself to think; to give up herself for the time; to plan as for some object near to her heart; let her throw her weight, so to speak, on the subject in hand. She will find that she can do wonders with a little considering. If useful ideas are suggested, she can make a note of them in a commonplace book; delicate cookery may be studied; tested recipes kept close at hand; loving dispositions cultivated; irritation put resolutely down. To the loving heart inspirations come. Let the girl-nurse look upward and outward, and put herself by imagination in the place of the sufferer.



## A Soldier of France

By Eleanor Lewis

In the year 1800 a young French General, already famous, but destined to be yet more so, did a very daring thing—he led an army across the Alps in winter. The difficulties he had to encounter were great, the dangers many, but he surmounted all, and entered Italy in triumph.

Now, among the brave soldiers who followed Napoleon in this enterprise there was one irregular volunteer whom I doubt if he ever saw—not *un vieux moustache*, but *Moustache le Jeune*—a shaggy dog who had cast in his lot with that of the army, and was ready to “do and dare” on any field.

In all Italy there was no Capua for him. Scarcely had he reached Alessandria when he warned his fellow-soldiers of a night attack, and by waking enabled them to repulse the foe.

“There’s a dog and a half for you!” said his admiring friends. Their admiration, their gratitude indeed went further than mere words. In return for this timely warning, the name of Moustache was inscribed on the roll-book of his company, and from this day to the last of his life he was entitled to draw rations—a grenadier’s portion daily. He might easily now have taken his ease—grown “fat and scant of breath”; but no, as we have said, there was no Capua in Italy for him. He ate his food with thankfulness, but also with discretion, and kept himself in warlike trim. Perhaps, in one sense, we should say *was* kept, since the regimental barber had orders to *comb* Moustache at least once a week. I seem to see my little hero gravely submitting to this operation, then going forth refreshed and splendid to the fray! Frays were sufficiently frequent to make the barber’s post no sinecure. In one of them, not long after the attack at Alessandria, Moustache was wounded in the shoulder by a bayonet-thrust. The sur-

geon dressed his wound, and cared for him attentively; still he was limping a little when the day of Marengo dawned. But, says his historian, the noise of the cannon cured him. An Austrian dog presented himself. “En avant!” barked Moustache; charged tooth and nail, and was on the very brink of victory when fate in the shape of a bullet intervened to spare his brave foe the pang of defeat. In this battle Moustache lost an ear—which was one less to comb, to be sure, but whose loss did not lessen the admiration of his friends.

We hear of him next, after an interval of some years, at Austerlitz. And, just here, let those who praise the Emperor, watching with unshaken composure the scene, perceiving at a glance each move in the enemy’s game, and, with genius so great as to seem inspiration, dictating each counter-move—let those who praise, and justly praise, the Emperor pause a moment to praise also Moustache. The standard-bearer of his company, hard pressed this day, was left alone ere long amidst the dead and the dying—alone, save for the dog. Soon he, too, fell, and Moustache was now the sole defender of the flag. It is easy to say, “What’s in a name?” but when that name is “the flag of one’s country,” it is a name we are ready to die for. Think how the crimson bars and the stars in their field of azure can stir our hearts to-day, then judge if the tricolor was less dear to French hearts that day! And Moustache was French from the tip of his one ear to the last hair of his shaggy tail, a French soldier, too, whose duty and pleasure were one. He had not barked defiance at Marengo to whimper for peace at Austerlitz.

For one breathless, anxious moment he stood beside his dead friend, uncertain whether to regain the ranks or stand at bay; one moment only, for the next, as he saw a party of Austrians approaching, he knew that to save the flag he must fly. *A flag* I have called the tatters, which by this time represented the tricolor, and so, despite appearances, it was. Once a flag, always a flag, while the last torn shred remains—as Moustache understood full well. He took a good grip, therefore, of the precious tatters still adhering to a fragment of the staff—a grip that was meant to hold—and the next moment, out from under the very noses of the foe, he shot away with the prize they had deemed their own. On, on through shot and cannon roar and smoke, he sped, until, at last, he reached the French lines, and dropped at his comrades’ feet the sacred, tattered, blood-stained rag for which he had risked his life. Then, and probably not till then—since in moments of excitement we forget to notice bodily pain—did he feel, and lift for his friends’ inspection, a broken paw. The regimental surgeon set it at once; but a remedy doubtless more to his mind was the medal which Maréchal Lannes, with his own hands, they say, fastened around the hero’s neck. They say, too—and really it does not seem unlikely—that as Moustache limped proudly down the line, his fellow-soldiers presented arms, as though he had received promotion in rank, or the Cross of the Legion of Honor! So he had, in his way.

Bent and scarred like any war-worn veteran, with a stiff foreleg and a missing ear, he might now have retired from active service without loss of credit. Many dogs would have done so—many do. But I fancy Moustache, could he have spoken, would have anticipated a great poet. He would have said, or, at least, thought—

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish’d, not to shine in use—  
As though to breathe were life!

So when the dragoons went to Spain he went with them, and formed his own opinion of Spanish dogs and cookery and men. After a while he exchanged into the artillery, and served with distinction at the siege of Badajoz. And finally, March 11, 1811, pierced through the heart by a bullet, Moustache died at his post, as a soldier would wish to die, and was buried with the mourning of an army. His short life had been full of praiseworthy action; his heart had felt and followed its own ideal of duty, and now he lay dead—on the broad field of Honor.

What better could dog or man desire?

## Six Red Apples

By Mary Allaire

Mary Holden had lived in New York until she was ten years old, so that when her father announced that they were going to move into the country she was delighted. It was the last week in March when Mary got off the train with her father and stepmother at the little way station.

This was not the country Mary Holden expected. The trees were bare, except the evergreen seen here and there; the fields were patches of brown and white; the road was merely brown ridges of frozen mud. Mary said nothing, but how longingly she looked after the comfortable, warm train that was now thundering over the bridge. They got into the carriage, drove down the hill, and turned into a gateway. In a moment her father was helping her out, and she went into the house that looked so desolate, with big boxes standing about on the carpets.

The next few days the storm kept Mary indoors, but there was so much to do, so much that was novel and strange, both indoors and out, that Mary was quite contented. Storms in the country are much more interesting than storms in the city; it was a new delight to watch the snowflakes in the air; to see them settle on the branches of the trees; to watch the snow pile on the roof of the barn, and at the corners of the driveway.

When the sun came out, the joy of living in the country was greatly increased; the snow stayed snow—it did not become mud. For the first time, Mary coasted down hill; she made snowballs, and had the whole side of the barn for a target, and sometimes she hit it. And she really made a snow man. He melted that night, but she really knew the joy of making a snow man.

That was the last snow storm that winter. The sun grew warm; the maples hung out their tassels, the buds on the grapevine and the trees in the orchard grew large, and finally burst into flower long before Mary expected it. I'll tell you a secret. I am not sure that Mary knew that the apple and pear and peach and plum trees had blossoms. You see this was before the days of kindergartens, and Mary had no mother to read and talk to her; her father was a very busy man.

The days went by so quickly that Mary was hardly able to keep account of the days in the week. She did not go to school, for she was not very strong that year.

The blossoms soon fell from the trees, and Mary discovered one day that tiny apples had formed in their places. The world seemed very busy getting ready to feed the people. Potatoes, corn, pumpkins, squashes, cabbages, turnips, and all the summer vegetables were coming up, requiring care every day. The berries were ripening on the bushes, and even along the road every tree and bush was either making the world more beautiful, or getting food ready for the people, and some were doing both.

The trees, to Mary's great surprise, began turning red and green and yellow. How glorious they were! The apples began to fall in the orchard, and Mary had a new experience added to the summer's—that of gathering apples. I doubt if it was profitable to have her in the orchard, she sampled so many with her teeth. One day she started over the hill, and crossed the cedar lots; these were stony fields, with stumps of stubby cedar scattered about. Bluebirds loved these lots, and were always fluttering and flying about. Mary watched them a while, and then she went down to the swamp and picked her way across it from stone to stone, to the big field beyond it. Here the "black-eyed Susans" starred the whole field, and Mary wound them about her hat and made a belt of them. She wandered on until she reached the stone fence that separated the field from an orchard. As she climbed up on the fence to look over, she saw the ground all covered with beautiful apples, among them some red ones. How lovely they looked! If only her mother would plant red apples!

Would it be any harm to pick up a few? Almost as

soon as this thought was formed Mary sprang over the fence, and picked up about six plump red ones. A short walk brought her to the other fence that separated her from the road. Mary sprang up on top, and jumped down directly in front of the farmer who owned the orchard, with the six big apples tucked inside the loose waist of her dress.

"Been stealing my apples, have yer?" shouted the farmer so loudly that it seemed to Mary the whole town would hear.

"Been stealing my apples?" shouted the angry man, and it seemed to Mary that the oxen he was driving shared his anger. Mary did not answer—she could not; it was true. She had stolen six big apples.

"Put them right down on the ground."

Mary, trembling with fright, put the six apples down on the grass at her feet. Oh, dear! would she ever be able to walk again? Would "thief" be written on her forehead? Would people put their hands on their pocket-books when they saw her coming?

"How dare you pick my apples?" asked the farmer, while he changed his whip to the other shoulder. Mary found courage to say:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did not take them from the trees; I picked them from the ground."

"They are my apples, just the same, are they not? They grew on my trees?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Mary.

"Now, pick those apples up, and go home," growled the farmer, snapping his whip as the oxen moved lumberingly down the road. Mary put the apples in her hat, from which the "black-eyed Susans" tumbled, and ran until she reached home. She was so quiet that on the piazza that evening her father asked her what had happened. She told the whole story, and brought out from under the stoop the six red apples; they were wet with tears before she put them in her father's hand.

"Get your hat and we will drive to the Deacon's."

Mary grew pale.

"There is nothing to be frightened about; we are going to pay the Deacon for his apples. You would like to, would you not?"

That rolled the burden off her shoulders. She ran and got her hat, and got into the carriage with her father, who was very quiet as they drove along.

When they reached the Deacon's, Mary's father handed her fifty cents, and said, "Ring the bell, and ask for the Deacon; if he is not at home we will call to-morrow. If he is at home, give him the fifty cents and tell him it is to pay for the apples you picked up."

The Deacon was at home, and came to the door. Mary trembled, in spite of the fact that she had come to right a wrong, or that her father was in the carriage at the gate.

The Deacon looked surprised. For a moment neither spoke, and then Mary's courage came back, and she said, holding out the money, "It is to pay for the apples I picked up to-day."

"Nonsense!" said the Deacon, bluffly. "Nonsense!" as he peered over his glasses at Mary's father in the carriage.

"My father says I must," said Mary, hurriedly, and before the astonished Deacon knew what had happened the fifty cents was in his hand and Mary was running down the path to the carriage.

Mary learned to love the Deacon; and when she was a woman grown she never saw him that the memory of her humiliation and fear when he discovered that she had stolen his apples did not come back to her. They became warm friends, and learned to admire each other, but the stolen apples were never forgotten; they each remembered them whenever they met.



Miss Grant, the daughter of Mr. Fred Grant and the granddaughter of General Grant, is said to show fine artistic talent, which is encouraged by her family. Miss Grant has been studying abroad.

## Sunday Afternoon

### Tennyson and St. Paul on the Goal of the Creation

By the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

Till we all come . . . unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.—Eph. iv., 13.

A child can ask questions which a philosopher cannot answer. The humblest often have thoughts which take hold of the profoundest problems. Great thinkers have no patent on great ideas. Philosophy is only an extended study along lines of thinking which tradesmen and artisans are pursuing quite as eagerly as professors and preachers. Mothers are the first philosophers, for to them first comes the consciousness of the solemn mystery of life. Socrates and Kant only elaborated in the sphere of thought ideas which long before came to millions of mothers through their affections. Among the questions which will never cease, and which keep thrusting themselves on our consideration, is one which we will make the theme of our study—What is the goal of the Creation? To what are all things tending? Plato held that back of visible objects are abstract ideas, and that things which come to pass are only the expression or manifestation of something which had pre-existence in abstract thought. If we could see God's thought concerning the Creation what should we behold? Who has not asked, Will things always remain as they are, or is the Creation itself a continuous process not yet complete? The doctrine of evolution points toward a far-off golden age; and we cannot help asking, What will be the condition of things when evolution is finished and man has reached his final state? Thoughtful men can never be content with things as they are, but ever ask concerning what is to be. This tendency characterizes all literature. The great poets have had visions of a future in which the processes now at work will be completed. Philosophers have dreamed of ideal states which were only their conception of what the race will sometime attain. The Bible is as full of this thought as is any other literature. The prophecies of Isaiah thrill with ideals of a time in which swords shall be beaten into plowshares, spears into pruning-hooks, and in which there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain. The Epistles of Paul throb with prophecies of coming glory. In Romans, Ephesians, and Corinthians they appear again and again; while the sublimest chapter in the New Testament—the seventeenth of John—gives to them the sanctity of the Saviour's prayer.

In his vision of "the crowning race" Alfred Tennyson closes "In Memoriam" with a strain of the same music:

Of those that eye to eye shall look  
On knowledge; under whose command  
Is earth and earth's, and in their hand  
Is nature like an open book.

This stanza contains Tennyson's answer to the question, What is the goal of the Creation? In it he gives his idea of what the crowning race will be. What is that idea?

(1) Eye to eye they shall "look on knowledge"—that is, then men will not have to go through processes of study to learn, as we do, but will be so alert and pure in thought that they will see into things, and know them as soon as they see them.

(2) "Under whose command is earth and earth's"—that is, there is coming a day when men will actually be master of the forces of nature; will be able to speak to the winds, the waters, the unseen forces, and be obeyed.

(3) "In their hand is nature like an open book"—that is, they shall read the strata of the rocks and the stars of the heavens as now we read poems, and the reading of the one will be no more difficult than that of the other.

(4) Then the brute inheritance will be dropped—"No longer half-akin to brute." Human passion, sensuality, desire for low and base things will be left behind as a butterfly leaves the chrysalis behind, and the man will be free—a pure spirit.

(5) God will be the law, the element, and the end toward which things will forever move. What a state that suggests! Man so near to God that he will be impelled by His wish—no other law. God will be "the element"—what earth, sky, atmosphere, are now; and into the fullness of this, now inconceivable reality, man will forever keep advancing, because to God there is no limit and no bound. Let us now turn to our Bible.

I. The Bible represents the Creation as in an imperfect condition—in a process toward something better. "The whole Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain"—not only those who have not seen Christ, but, Paul goes on to say, "Even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting . . . for the redemption of the body." The present condition is imperfect; the end is not yet realized.

Begin with individuals. Within each man two forces, one evil and one good, contend for mastery. No man is at peace with himself, and no one fully adjusted to his environment. The more we think and the farther we see, the more intense the battle becomes. The finest spirits have been made fine by tribulation. The fight is with tendencies to sensuality, envy, jealousy, and almost all that characterizes animals. It is a contest between the animal and the man. The human body is a cage in which are a wild beast and a pure spirit. Each life to-day is occupied with determining which shall go down—the animal or the man. The contest is not finished, although far more frequently than ever before the man is the victor.

In society the same condition exists. Individuals are arrayed against each other. Selfishness is rampant. Every man for himself, has been the principle since the world began. The weak are the slaves of the strong; the poor of the rich; the wise of the ignorant. In old days the great man was the physical prodigy; the fellow who could dare and do most became chief. The form of the fight has changed, but the same old battle is waged. Now it is capital against labor; blue blood against common blood; wealth against poverty; and all regulated by competition, which is supremely selfish. But things are not as they were. A better day is dawning. The strife is terrible—but not endless.

The same conditions exist among states. The nations are armed to the teeth; if there is no war it is because each is afraid to begin. The smaller powers are being pulverized beneath the wheels of the larger ones. The ingenuity of inventors is taxed to devise instruments of butchery. The industries are impoverished to support those who are trained in the art of war. The words of Paul are as true now as when first spoken—"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." There is a tint of light on the horizon, but the gloom is dense and the struggle terrible.

II. But the Apostle was no pessimist. He never believed that the devil is stronger than God. If he ever spoke of the dark facts, it was to point to a time when the shadows will flee away. He said: "The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Then he speaks of the time when the body, or the animal nature, shall be redeemed. This is exactly Tennyson's thought concerning "the crowning race"—a race no longer "half-akin to brute." What is the goal of the Creation? One element is the elimination of that which is brutal, bestial, in humanity. We are like thrushes condemned to live in cages. Our aspirations soar to the skies, but our better natures are broken against bars of sensuality and passion. This is an old battle. Think of Augustine, with his princely personality, the companion of the dissolute and vile until his best years were wasted. Think of Goethe, of genius almost divine, now singing like a seraph, and now dragging through the homes around him an influence vile as a serpent's slime. Think of Byron, with pinions like an eagle, with an eye which could look into the face of the sun, conquered by his lusts. Think of Poe, whose short life was a continual conflict with animalism. But why enumerate? The picture is too pitiful; it is not good to look at it too long lest we shall think that the sensual may as well win as be conquered. What says our Bible to all

this? It points to a time when will be realized the redemption of the body; when the lower nature will be mastered by the spiritual. Some time the brute inheritance will be eliminated. It is not strange that men fight and are vicious. Our ancestors were worse. The farther back you go, the more you find human beings like animals in tastes and habits. They lived in forests, and tore meat with their fingers. Now they live in houses, think high thoughts, fight against their evil inheritance, and look for ultimate victory. That vision of the crowning race is full of inspiration. But if a better day ever dawns, will it be this side of the grave? History will help us here. Historical scholars are never pessimists. Those who look from century to century always discover progress. Remember what conditions existed when our ancestors roamed the forests of Britain. Remember society as it was when robber barons held the common people in practical serfdom, and when pillage and bloodshed devastated all lands. Read the historical books of the Old Testament, and contrast those times with our own. Go back even one century, mark the changes which have been wrought, and then ask if a veritable millenium is altogether incredible. It is the tendency of heredity to perpetuate good inheritance for a thousand generations; it is equally the tendency of heredity to perpetuate tendencies to vice, crime and disease only a few generations. If history is prophetic, if the revelations of science are of value, the race may anticipate a day our eyes will never see, when the brute will never more master the man.

III. Tennyson speaks of the crowning race "under whose command is earth and earth's." That points to the dominion of man over the physical universe. The same thought is found in the first chapter of Genesis—"And God said: Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and *over all the earth.*" That points to a time when humanity will reach the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. One power our Master had in perfection, and that was sovereignty over nature. He healed diseases, cured madness, put his commands on winds and waters. St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians teaches that sometime all men will have power over nature as Jesus Christ had. Because he could do what men never had done it does not follow that he did what they never will do. Scripture teaches that eventually the race will reach the measure of the fullness of Christ; then those living will be able to do what Christ did, and what we now call miracles will be the common achievement of the common people. This is the teaching of Scripture. There are already hints of the approach of such a time. By the discovery of anesthetics, physicians have been given power over many diseases. They need to do hardly more than our Lord did when he made clay of spittle and put it on a man's eyes, before they can operate painlessly, giving sight to those who otherwise would remain blind. They have devised ways by which they can look into the ear, and by almost destroying it restore hearing. The experiments with electricity overwhelm us with the burden of their prophecies. Messages are now carried quick as lightning—by the lightning; and not only that, we make the same force propel our cars, light our houses, and are assured that soon it will carry our portraits a thousand miles and more. Every time we ride in an electric car we are propelled by a flash of lightning. The same force that zigzags the summer heavens, and sends the thunder reverberating among the mountains, is harnessed and made to take the place of horses on city railroads. And all these things men do as calmly and authoritatively as our Master commanded the waves to be still. Already there are exhibitions of power over nature which, if they had been done by our Lord, would have seemed as wonderful to onlookers as what they did see. We have solar engines by which papers are printed; the sun is made to paint our pictures, and even to flash our messages. By the phonograph books can be read into a tube, caught on tiny cylinders, and put away for the future to hear. This is not the same world in which the fathers lived. Think of a steamer

flying five hundred miles a day in the face of a cyclone, directed by a compass, impelled by steam, lighted by electricity, and carrying with ease a thousand and a half of passengers along a pathway of which the people in our Lord's time had never heard! We pass the light of the stars through a prism, and can tell what kind of fuel is burning in those far-away fires. And each day the marvel increases. Science speaks positively of a time, which no one can intelligently believe to be very far off, in which the race, in its power over nature and physical force, will reach the fullness of Christ. What may then be realized we may not even imagine; but it will be a great and glorious thing to enter into the liberty of the children of God; to be no more hampered by matter, space or force than Jesus Christ was.

IV. Thus have we been led to the thought that our Lord was the typical man. He was our Saviour; he was also our Brother. In him we see not only God in manifestation, but also man in perfection. Looking on the human side what are we taught? That Jesus was the type of the race. In him was revealed what the race was intended to be, and what it will be when Creation is complete. The Church has thought so much of the divine Christ that it has not grasped the full and glorious significance of the human Christ. He is the goal toward which humanity is tending. He is the crowning race. In him is seen the divine plan for each individual. What he was humanity is to be. In him what is seen? A Being with the animal in subservience to the spiritual; a Being who had all knowledge, and the wealth of the universe, whose supreme ideal was the service of humanity. A harlot went to draw water; the Son of Man sat by her side and told her of the living water. A poor woman crept up behind to touch his coat, and his sympathy healed her. He was in the wilderness where there were many people without food, and he fed them, although he would not work a miracle to feed himself. He was lied about, persecuted, followed from town to town, but he never spoke an unkind or an ungenerous word. He was the friend of publicans and sinners—their friend to uplift, not the companion of their sins. He never thought or planned for self. When he found that men were thinking too much of him he told them that it was time for him to go away. He never had an enemy, and never resented an insult. He never turned from people because they were poor or disagreeable. He laid himself down, and said, "Walk over me toward the Father's house and the Father's love." He died to save men who did not understand and would not appreciate. "He went about doing good." This Man, who could command the universe, and yet who used all his powers to benefit and uplift humanity, is the goal of the Creation. He is the One toward whom all things tend; in him is revealed the perfect race. No more inheritance of vice, disease, crime; no more the trail of the serpent staining the generations and leaving marks of sin and shame on the bodily organism. The brute inheritance eliminated; the physical universe with her myriads of forces now unknown waiting to do the bidding of man, and all living not to be ministered unto, but to minister—that is what the Master tells us is coming, not in some far-away heaven, but on this earth, among men who will look up into the same great and wide sky into which we look.

V. There is yet a loftier altitude. Our Master just before his death prayed for his disciples "that they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may also be one in us." That hints at union of the human and the divine. Some day, instead of Cæsars, Charlemagnes, Napoleons ravaging the earth like wild beasts; instead of tyrants, simply because they are strong, binding chains on the weak which will make them miserable forever; instead of invention pushed to the utmost to discover means for destroying life; instead of trusts and monopolies, planned to make the rich richer and the poor poorer; instead of classes, pride, and a thousand things that separate and make hostile those who should be brethren, all men will be one, even as the Father and the Son are one. O wondrous ideal! O glorious consummation! O greatly to be envied people to whom shall be

given the joy of living in that crowning day! But for more than that our Saviour prayed—"that they may also be one in us:" humanity distinct and individual, yet all its members united in perfect love, so that their harmony can be imaged in no way so well as by the relation of Jesus to his Father. And then, in addition, "one with God"—not "absorbed or lost in God," as the Buddhists would say, but one in spirit with each other, one in spirit with the Infinite and Eternal. The Master's prayers were prophecies. That crowning race will sometime walk earth's hills and vales in the fellowship of perfect love, in the bond of perfect peace. In the flesh we may not see that golden age, but some day, looking from the heavenly heights, we shall behold no more a groaning, but a glorified Creation, and realize what Tennyson meant when he sang of

One far-off divine event  
To which the whole Creation moves,"

and what the Apostle intended to teach by "the stature of the fullness of Christ."



## Paul at Rome<sup>1</sup>

By Lyman Abbott

The Rome into which Paul entered from the south, by the Appian Way, in the year of our Lord 58, was the Imperial City, the home of the Cæsars, the head and center of the power and splendor of the Roman Empire. As Italy was then the central country of the world, lying half-way between Palestine and Britain, the limits of east and west, so Rome was situated in the middle of Italy, a pivotal point from which diverged roads of magnificent construction, leading north, east, south, and west, to the furthest outposts of the Empire. The architectural wonders that attract the traveler of the present day were then unconceived. The Coliseum was not reared till later, in the reign of Titus. St. Peter's and the Vatican were undreamed of, and their site on the Vatican Mount was occupied by temples consecrated to Apollo and Mars. The streets of the city were, for the most part, winding and narrow, and flanked on either side by densely-crowded tenement-houses of an enormous height. Frequent accidents resulted from the loftiness of these buildings, constructed often in haste and carelessness, and both Augustus and Nero decreed that private buildings within the walls of Rome should not exceed the height of seventy feet. In these dark and smoky lodgings, for which they paid immoderate prices, the poorer classes dwelt, and the different floors and apartments were not infrequently shared among several families. From the capacity of these houses, allowing twenty-five persons to each house, the population of Rome at that time is estimated to have been about 1,200,000, one-half of which, in all probability, were slaves.

In glaring contrast to the squalor and indigence of these quarters were the public squares of the city—generous and ample spaces set apart for assemblies of the people, martial exercises, and games. The Campus Martius was the principal of these, dedicated to Mars, the god of war. It was surrounded by imposing structures, and adorned with statues and arches. The Forum also was a grand open space, eight hundred feet wide, that lay between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, on which were erected respectively the Roman Capitol, or Citadel, and the imperial palace. The Forum was flanked on every side with porticos, rostra or platforms for public speakers, shops, and other buildings, all of imposing appearance, costly workmanship, and rich decoration. Overlooking the Forum, from which ascended a flight of one hundred steps, rose the massive and stately Citadel from the crest of the Capitoline Hill. It was the largest and grandest building of the city, square in form, with sides two hundred feet in length, and inclosing three structures—temples to Jupiter, Minerva, and Juno. Its gates were of brass, and it was adorned with costly gildings, whence it was termed "golden" and "glittering." The splendor of the public squares, as well as the poverty of the meaner quarters,

must have been well known to Paul. The Prætorium of which he speaks may have been either a barrack attached to the imperial palace on the Palatine Hill, or it may have been the great camps of the Prætorian guards, which lay to the northeast of the city, outside the walls.

Above the wretched class of slaves and paupers there were no graded ranks of a free, respectable, and industrial population. The chasm was deep and broad between the servile pauper and the comparatively small body of wealthy and arrogant patricians, whose luxury and profligacy were the apparent glory and the real curse of Rome. It was an epoch in the history of Rome of "gorgeous gluttonies and her most gilded rottenness."

In such a city, in such a state of social corruption, sharing in it to a large extent, dwelt a number of Jews. From the time when Pompey conquered Jerusalem, 63 B.C., and made Palestine a Roman province, the Jews, in gradually increasing numbers, had found their way to Rome, until now, in the time of Nero, they counted as a large factor in the population of the city, and enjoyed a certain degree of power, which, scorn it as he would, the Roman yet felt to be irresistible. The Jewish community, to the number of eight thousand, occupied a large district across the Tiber, in the neighborhood of the wharves and shipping, a location that suited remarkably the retail trade, which served for the most part as their chief employment. From their earliest appearance the Jews were to the Romans an object of scornful abhorrence, and they became the mark for the satire and malicious wit of the writers of the time. Martial describes how Jewish hawkers broke his morning slumbers with their bawling, and Juvenal complains of the way in which their gypsy-like women got themselves smuggled into the boudoirs of rich and silly ladies to interpret their dreams. Others of them, with a supple versatility which would have done credit to the Greeks themselves, thrust themselves into every house and every profession, flung themselves with perfect shamelessness into the heathen vices, and became the useful tools of wealthy rascality and the unscrupulous confidants of the "gilded youth." Some became the favorites of the palace, and made nominal proselytes of noble ladies, who, like Poppæa, had every gift except that of virtue. But, whatever their condition, they were equally detested by the mass of the population. If they were false to their religion they were flouted as renegades; if they were true to it, their Sabbaths and their circumcision and their hatred of pork, their form of oath, their lamp-lightings, and their solemn festivals were held up to angry ridicule as signs of the most abject superstition. If a Roman saw a knot of Jew beggars, he turned from them with a shudder of disgust; if he noticed the statue of a Jewish king, he frowned at it as a proof of the degradation of the age. Thus, in Rome, simply to be a Jew was to be detested. When to this was added the deeper taint of being a Christian—that is, to worship, in blind superstitious and incredible folly, "a crucified malefactor," the scorn and hatred were yet further deepened and intensified.

It is in the light of this picture that we are to read the short and simple story of Paul's preaching in the metropolis of the world, and his declaration in his Epistle to the Romans that he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. He who will contrast this solitary Apostle amidst such surroundings with the Church of Christ as it exists to-day, the dominant influence upon the continents of Europe and America, will find in that contrast the evidence of the soundness of Paul's faith that the Gospel of Christ was itself the power of God and salvation to all them that believe.

*Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings:* September 11—Take heed to your example (1 Cor. viii., 9-13); September 12—By love serve one another (Gal. v., 13-18); September 13—Whatsoever things are true (Phil. iv., 8-13); September 14—Your conversation honest (1 Pet. ii., 12-17); September 15—Whose faith follow (Heb. xiii., 7-13); September 16—Let your light so shine (Matt. v., 13-16); September 17—Topic: Our example. What shall it be? (Rom. xiv., 21; Matt. v., 16). (Temperance meeting suggested).

<sup>1</sup>International Sunday-School Lesson for September 10, 1893.—Acts xxviii., 20-31.

## The Religious World

### Dr. McGlynn and the Pope

The number of the "Forum" which has just appeared contains an extremely interesting article by Dr. McGlynn giving an account of his recent visit to Rome and of his audience with Leo XIII. The interest is of two kinds: first, as the article presents a graphic view of the Pope's personality; and, secondly, as it elucidates his views on the American Catholic question. Dr. McGlynn appears to have received the kindest and most paternal treatment imaginable from the head of his church. His personal description of the Pope is as follows: "I had never seen Leo XIII. before. I was not overawed by his majesty, which is great, but was rather won by his evident desire to show to me truly paternal kindness. I remained kneeling during the interview close to him, and leaning with my hands on his chair. I was impressed with his dominant intellectuality, which seems to be accompanied with equal vigor of will, although he is very thin and white, his face being nearly as white as his hair and his cassock. I thought him all mind and soul, in a body that one might almost call transparent. It is matter of rejoicing for all the people of the Church and for all right-minded men, who cannot but commend the broad and liberal policies of the aged Pontiff, that he seems to grow in breadth and vigor as he ages." Dr. McGlynn's story of the Pope's comments on American affairs is so important that we quote at length:

The Pope led me immediately into a conversation about Mgr. Satolli and the apostolic delegation. Intrigues, the Pope assured me with great earnestness and solemnity, could not affect him. "Whatever may be said concerning intrigues," he said, "I, the Head of the Church, am above all such intrigues, and am utterly uninfluenced by them." When I referred to the opposition of certain Archbishops from the very beginning to the institution of the apostolic delegation itself, the Holy Father said to me, "Yes, but now they see it in a different light, and have written to that effect!" To which I replied: "Because they cannot help themselves. These Bishops cannot rebel against the Pope. The people, as a rule, are not much concerned for or devoted to the persons of their respective Bishops, who have not been elected by the clergy or the people, but have been placed over them by the Pope; and the same Pope who places them there can take them away and put others in their places who will be equally well received." The Pope rejoined with increasing emphasis: "Have not I, the Head of the Church, the same right to have my representative in America as in Madrid, Paris, or Vienna?" I said to the Pope that now the Bishops are compelled to have a delegate in America they want to make a scapegoat of Satolli because of his uprightness and fearlessness, and to have somebody in his place whom they can more readily manage or capture. At this the Pope's eyes flashed, and, striking the arm of his chair, he said, with increasing emphasis: "*Satolli! Io conosco Satolli! L'ho educato io; e finche fa il suo dovere ed ubbidisce alle mie istruzioni, io lo sostengo.*" ("Satolli! I know Satolli! It was I who brought him up; and so long as he does his duty and obeys my instructions I will support him.")

### The Christian Workers' Home

Probably many of our readers are not familiar with The Christian Workers' Home, which is connected with the New York City Mission, and situated at 129 East Tenth Street. Some years ago the Superintendent of the Woman's Branch of the City Mission Society, Mrs. A. R. Brown, felt strongly the necessity for a Home where the lady workers of the Mission could live together as one family; and the making of the want known finally resulted in the gift by Mr. and Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, in the spring of 1881, of the large brick building next to St. Mark's Church on East Tenth Street. Mrs. Brown has often told how one blustering evening soon after this she went around to see it with her own eyes, and how, as she clung to the railing near by, she sang the "Doxology," so happy was she that her dream was about to be realized. The Home is a monument to the energy and indomitable perseverance of Mrs. Brown, and her influence is still felt in its management. The members of the household now number about fifty, including the eight students of this year. Each year there is a class of students in training for the service. These have the privilege of having Bible talks and lectures from persons competent to instruct in Bible study and Christian work, notably from Dr. Schaffler, Superintendent of City Missions, and Mrs. Bainbridge, the present Superintendent of the Woman's Branch. The Home is in every sense a real home. Family prayers are led each morning by the workers in turn, the Scripture reading and prayer being preceded by a hymn, in which all join. At about nine o'clock each missionary takes up her duty for the day. It may be preparation for some special service, a

call at the office to consult the Superintendent, or the more usual one of visiting in her tenement-house district. But when she returns to the Home it is to rest and relax both mind and body. The details of her labor, often so trying and exhaustive of her sympathies, are seldom discussed in the family circle, but the conversation is bright, and often mirthful. The missionaries are from various parts of the country; many of them are finely educated, and not a few are college graduates; all are women of rare devotion and consecration of spirit. In their intercourse with each other they are like sisters; if one is discouraged, a dozen are ready to encourage; if one sees results of her work, many rejoice with her. It is sometimes their custom to hold "Twilight Meetings" in the parlor after dinner, at which each is privileged to present special cases for prayer and consultation. Thus the weak ones are strengthened. The matrons chosen to preside over the Home have been wise women, and the domestic machinery has run with remarkable smoothness. The Home aims to be, and we believe is, self-supporting; each occupant pays \$5 per week board; \$500 a year will pay for the support of one of these workers, and no better investment is possible.

### Christian Unity at Chautauqua

At the Chautauqua Assembly a day was devoted to Christian Unity under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, Mr. Theodore F. Seward occupying the chair. He made the opening address, and was followed by the Rev. B. C. Haworth, a returned Presbyterian Missionary from Japan; the Rev. C. E. Hulbert, of Detroit; Byron A. Brooks, Esq., of Brooklyn; the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and Rabbi Berkowitz, of Philadelphia. The address of the Jewish Rabbi was a novel and very interesting feature. He expressed the belief that Christian unity would be the first step toward a union of all the world's great religions.

### A Church Colony

Grace Church, New York, of which the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., is the rector, is gradually getting to be the center of a very large circle of missionary and benevolent ministries. The church on Broadway, opposite Eleventh Street, is already one of the most attractive in the city. It is far down town, but its members are loyal to it, and whatever the changes of the future it may be regarded as one of the fixtures of New York. On Palm Sunday of last year Dr. Huntington made an appeal to his congregation for funds to build a hospital back of the present Grace Chapel on Fourteenth Street; three members of the congregation responded to the appeal, and bound themselves to furnish the necessary money to carry out the proposed charity. A piece of land with a frontage of 125 feet on Fourteenth Street, between First Avenue and Avenue B, was secured, on which it is proposed to erect four buildings for ecclesiastical and kindred purposes. They are to be known as Grace Chapel, Grace Hospital, Grace Parish House, and Grace Clergy House. The plans of the buildings have now been published, and are exceedingly beautiful. They will be not only an addition to the means of spiritual work in New York, but also an improvement to its architecture. The cost of these buildings will be about \$300,000, all of which has been already subscribed.

### The American Church in Paris

The substance of the Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the American and Foreign Christian Union has just reached us, and we call the attention of our readers to that part of it which concerns the American Church in Paris. This church is located in the Rue de Berri, and has had a long list of distinguished pastors; among them the Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D., afterward of Boston, and known throughout the land as one of our most successful evangelists; later the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., was pastor; and after him the Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, and the Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D. The present pastor is the Rev. Dr. Thurber, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y. The church itself is a beautiful building, centrally located, and doing an excellent work among the Americans, who are always a large number in Paris. It is the desire of Dr. Thurber to add to the usefulness of the church by the erection of a suitable Parish House, which is a much greater necessity in

Paris than in most other cities. The church at present has nothing save its one auditorium, which is used for Sunday worship, and also for all other purposes for which churches are usually designed. We are glad to be able to present a somewhat long extract from this report, because we well know the importance of the work in Paris. The report says:

In the first place, those resident in Paris who attend the services at 21 Rue de Berri are widely scattered. For the gathering of them into mutual, helpful acquaintance and into effective working organization, there is (in the absence of a chapel) peculiar need of such central and varied facilities as a commodious Parish House would afford.

In the second place, the non-residents who are attendants at 21 Rue de Berri—tourists and sojourners for a brief time—have most manifest need of a Parish House where they may conveniently meet the pastor and each other, and where they may be led to a deeper interest in the welfare of the church itself.

In the third place, the influence of the church upon its neighborhood and Paris at large requires the better, ampler provision. For English-speaking students and clerks and working-girls and families not now reached by any direct church influence—to say nothing of the considerable work which might be done among the French themselves in a friendly, social way—there is most pressing need of such accommodations as have been named.

Doubtless it is not too much to say that the usefulness of the American Church in Paris, great as that usefulness now is, might be well nigh doubled by means of a suitable Parish House. And, in the providence of God, a large house admirably adapted to such use, adjoining 21 Rue de Berri, is offered for sale. It is an excellently built two-and-a-half-story building, with frontage of forty feet and depth of one hundred. If obtained it would suffice for a parsonage, and at the same time afford space for a reading-room, social gatherings, the lesser missionary meetings, committee meetings, and all the varied work of the ladies and young people. The price of the property is \$80,000, and manifold expert judges have testified that it is fully worth that sum. As an addition to the property on which the church building now stands, it would increase the market value of the whole by a sum much exceeding the purchase price. About \$17,000 has already been pledged toward the purchase, provided the full amount is raised. The following resolution was passed by the Union:

"Resolved, that it is with sincere pleasure that we anew put on record our appreciation of the services of Rev. Dr. Thurber in his work as pastor of the American Church in Paris, and also in his efforts toward the securing of additional facilities. Gratefully do we recognize the combined devotion and wisdom of his labors, and we trust that he may fully realize his plan for the purchase of a Parish House. We most cordially commend him to all friends of the Church in Paris and of French evangelization in general, and we pledge to him all the aid in our power."

L. T. CHAMBERLAIN,  
Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary.

**A Ladies' Settlement** In imitation of College Settlements, which are proving that "home life," as established by them, is a most potent factor for good among the poor and degraded in our large cities, a Ladies' Settlement is soon to be started at Islington, London, England. Notice that this is a *Ladies'* and not a College Settlement. This organization does not presume to "establish a new order, but to give training and opportunities for systematic work to ladies who desire to give themselves to the work of Christ among the poor." The Settlement will provide a home for those who are willing to work among the people under the direction of the parochial clergy. Miss Magee, daughter of the late Archbishop of York, has accepted the position of Superintendent, and will, under a council, be responsible for the management of the home and comfort of the workers. We are glad that such a movement has been started, and we hope it may be imitated in our country. In the College Settlements the work is mainly carried on by young men and women just from the various colleges. A Women's or Ladies' Settlement will bring into active work many who are willing and anxious to be of assistance, who have large and varied experience, but who, because not collegiately educated, are shut out from the College Settlements.

**A Deaconess Institution** The annual festival of the "London Diocesan Deaconess Institution" has just been held, and, from the published reports, we conclude that it must have been unusually interesting. This festival is associated with the Feast of St. Barnabas, but as that Saint's day occurred on Sunday this year, the festival was postponed until a week day. The sisters were "at home" to their friends, and so many of them "accepted" that St. Andrew's House, the home of the community of deaconesses, was inconveniently packed. The Bishop of Christ Church, New Zealand, preached the sermon. After his return home he will inaugurate a similar community, placing at its head one of the London sisters. Speaking of the intended enterprise, he thanked God for the fact that ladies offered themselves to this life in his far-off diocese, and he thanked the Bishop of London for giving him one to train them to it. He was sure that they at home would be none the poorer for their loan to him, and that in scattering they would yet increase. These sis-

ters do a great and unselfish work in London, and, as it must ever be in all such ministries, the greatest and most laborious part is known only to themselves. We are glad to observe that this movement is extending in our country, especially in the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal Churches. The day for the silence of women has gone by. England and America are not ancient Corinth.



## Gleanings

—The Rev. Robert McIntyre, of Denver, has created a sensation among his congregation in that city, says the New York "Tribune," by asking that his salary of \$5,000 be reduced to \$1,000. He thinks the sum he receives at present is at least twice as large as it should be in hard times.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, a brother of Henry Ward Beecher, celebrated his ninetieth birthday last Sunday at his home in Brooklyn. He was born at East Hampton, L. I., and was graduated from Yale College in 1822. He has filled pulpits in Congregational churches in Boston, Jacksonville, Ill.; Galesburg, Ill., and Brooklyn.

—The Methodists of Minneapolis, writes a correspondent from that city, have been so successful with their hospital enterprise that the Presbyterians are getting ready to follow their example. The new parish house established by the People's Church, St. Paul, is about ready to open. The Rev. J. H. Chandler and wife will be in charge of this work, of which great things are expected.

Says the Brooklyn "Eagle": "For a city as to which it is popularly said that the churches are all closed, fifty-five religious advertisements make a very good showing. Of course these figures represent only a small part of the edifices in which congregations gather to-day. The truth is that there is probably no denomination the members of which can excuse themselves for staying at home because there are no services provided."

—The Rev. Dr. J. B. Dales, pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, died of heart failure at Chautauqua on August 21, aged seventy-eight. For over thirty-two years he was editor of the "Christian Instructor," and Corresponding Secretary of the United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions since its organization in 1859. From 1867 to 1876 he was a professor in the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Newburg, N. Y. His Philadelphia pastorate began in 1840.

—Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, in writing of the recent Conference at Northfield for "The Christian at Work," says: "The writer is just at home after two years of service in the great Tabernacle and among the British people generally. One solemn impression weighs on my mind: That the greatest conflict of the ages is even now in progress, and that the battle rages about two great issues, the inspiration and infallibility of the Word of God and the perfect Deity of Jesus Christ. So hot is the battle getting that once more it is coming to pass that Christ sends not peace but a sword, and that a man's foes may be they of his own household. The doctrines which are imperilled are so vital that it may become necessary to sacrifice the dearest friends in order to maintain our loyalty to Christ and his own truth, as we understand the truth."



## Ministerial Personals

### CONGREGATIONAL

—Frank Blomfield has resigned the pastorate of the Pilgrim Church, Metamwa, Mich.

—F. L. Johnston has received a call from a church in Genesee, Idaho.

—A. F. Skeele, formerly of Augusta, Me., accepts a call from Wellington, O.

—V. W. Blackman has resigned the pastorate of Green's Landing Church, Deer Isle, Me.

—J. Q. A. Johnson has become pastor of the church in Nashville, Tenn.

—A. T. Barnard, of West Rutland, Vt., has received a call to the Second Church of Huntington, Mass.

—A. A. Davis, of North Branch, Minn., has withdrawn his recent resignation.

—J. A. Lawrence accepts a call to Acton, Me.

—E. P. Crane, of De Witt, Ia., accepts a call to Mitchell.

### PRESBYTERIAN

—F. B. Frisbie has received a call to Northport, L. I.

—G. F. Danforth, of the Auburn Seminary, has received a call to the Hartshorn Church, Cornwallville, N. Y.

—L. W. Beattie, of Cambridge, N. Y., has received a call from the First Church of Mankato, Minn.

—A. B. S. Wallace, of Troy, N. Y., has received a call from Thompsonville, Conn.

### EPISCOPAL

—R. V. Harris has become rector of St. Mark's Church, Anaconda, Mont.

—C. L. Hoffmann has accepted the rectorship of Calvary Church, Tarboro', N. C.

—P. S. Mesny, of St. Mark's Church, Johnstown, Pa., accepts the rectorship of the Church of All Saints, Bayside, L. I.

—F. S. Moore accepts the rectorship of Christ Church, Oberlin, O.

## Books and Authors

### Dr. Ward and the Catholic Revival<sup>1</sup>

The volume on "Dr. Ward and the Oxford Movement," written by his son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, was, next to the "Oxford Life of Cardinal Newman," the most entertaining, self-revealing, and valuable work in connection with the revival of religion in the Church of England that has been written. Dr. Ward was an immense personality, a man of great intellectual force, but of still greater idiosyncrasies; but he was also a person of great nobleness of character and great honesty of purpose, and was unswervingly devoted to what he believed to be right. In that volume one side of his life was fully portrayed; his son, though a Roman Catholic, was true and faithful to his father's memory and his Anglican friends, and his work is of enduring value.

In this present volume he confines himself entirely to his father's career as a Roman Catholic. The work begins with his early Catholic life in 1845 and comes down to his death in 1882. From 1845 to 1858 he was making his way in the Roman Church in England. He did not enter upon the enjoyment of his estate in the Isle of Wight until 1858, and at times he was in great distress for want of means. He settled during this period close to St. Edmund's College, in which theological school he was engaged for many years as a teacher of dogmatics. He remained here until much of the prejudice which had attended his leaving of the English Church had passed away, but during this time he trained intellectually the men who are now chiefly at the head of the Roman Church in England. It was mainly due to Cardinal Grant, the Bishop of Southwark, that he was retained in this position of theological instructor, and it was here that he mastered the system of Roman theology which rendered him excellent service when he became in 1862 the editor of the "Dublin Review." His companions during these earlier years were Newman and Faber and Oakeley and Manning. He was also in correspondence with John Stuart Mill and Sir William Hamilton, and there grew up between him and the present Cardinal Vaughan an intimate friendship which continued during the rest of his life. His account of himself at this time was, "I did God's work in the devil's way." He meant by this that his impetuosity and his love of fight often got the better of him.

When he took up his residence on the Isle of Wight he renewed his old Oxford friendships, meeting Goulburn, Jowett, Lord Coleridge, Dean Stanley, and Dean Lake, as well as Bishop Wilberforce and Lord Blachford, and visiting Bishop Tait at Fulham. He was greatly delighted to renew his acquaintance with these men. They had been compelled to give him up as a dishonest and disloyal man when he undertook to hold Roman doctrines in the Church of England, but when he honestly held Roman doctrines in the Roman Church it was quite another thing. It was impossible for him to be untrue to himself, and he was a far happier man in the Roman than he could ever have been in the Anglican Church. He and Fr. Faber were great friends after they both entered the Roman communion, and they seldom met without some electric shock occurring in the course of conversation. "Shall I go into retreat?" Ward asked one day when he felt that the absorbing interest of his intellectual work needed some counteracting spiritual influence. "A retreat!" exclaimed Faber. "It would be enough to send you to hell. Go to the play as often as you can, but don't dream of a retreat." He was a man closely occupied with his ideas, and is reported to have said of his children, "I am always informed when they are born, but know nothing more of them." Yet with his elder children his relations were extremely intimate, and his son in this memoir shows that the two were on the most intimate and cordial relations with one another. Dr. Ward was greatly pleased with the candor of Bishop

Tait. "Don't you feel the responsibility of the position to be very heavy?" Ward asked when visiting Bishop Tait at Fulham. "I do," said Tait, "but" (after a pause) "I must in frankness add that its surroundings are very agreeable." When meeting Dr. Jowett one day, and talking of the intellectual and educational shortcomings of Roman Catholic England, he said: "English Catholics don't know what education means. Many of them can't write English. When a Catholic meets a Protestant in controversy, it is like a barbarian meeting a civilized man." This volume is full of anecdotes of great interest, and sets forth the social and home life of Dr. Ward to a remarkable degree. He was a great lover of intellectual controversy, but he was always delighted to carry it on, if possible, *vis-a-vis*. Nothing is more interesting than to follow Mr. Ward in this memoir of his father into the details of his relations with Lord Tennyson, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and his more or less frequent relations with Cardinal Newman.

There is another feature of this volume which is extremely valuable for those who wish to know something of the controversies which have agitated the Roman Church in Europe during the last quarter of a century. On the side of authority Dr. Ward was a traditionalist, but in his intellectual and spiritual life he was a Liberal Catholic. He was sometimes on one side of these questions and sometimes on the other, but he had always a large view of what the truth required, and he was in constant intercourse with Dr. Dollinger, Bishop Dupanloup, Cardinal Manning, and Monsignor Talbot, and in high favor with Pius IX. His relations to the leaders of thought in the Roman Church in Europe were those of a master, and no one can read this book, where it deals with the great controversies, without finding that it is full of important information concerning what is vital in the Latin Church. Mr. Wilfrid Ward has that quality of truthfulness which commended all the work of his father, and made him a man whose opinions were valued even by those who dissented from him. He was a singular example of a strong and resolute thinker, endowed with the courage of his opinions, who yet felt the need of an authority behind him in matters of faith. He grappled with the synthetic philosophy as set forth by Mr. Spencer, and that philosopher found him a foeman worthy of his steel, and on all the great philosophical questions of his own time he has left the impress of his masterly mind. This biography in its two portions is one of the ablest and most fascinating works that has been published for a long time.

The new edition of the *History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy*, by Edward A. Freeman, edited by J. G. Bury, shows by its title that it supplants the former edition, for it contains additional chapters on Italian and German federations. There is also additional matter in the notes, and many corrections of errors, all drawn from Mr. Freeman's own MS. notes. The editor and others have regretted that the author did not live to complete this work by a history of the United States of America, but we are of opinion that Mr. Freeman was not enough in sympathy with the American spirit to enable him to do that work in a satisfactory manner. Nevertheless no one can dispute that this book, as far as he wrote, is a masterly composition; indeed to our mind it is among the very best works that the author ever accomplished. In one respect we think that the editor might have taken a liberty with his principal; as, for instance, on page 91, where Mr. Freeman wrote, in 1863, "One cannot help thinking that the United States and the Confederate States will have exchanged ambassadors before the year 1941, or even before the year 1869." Other remarks of a like nature show that the author was, as he himself frankly admitted, not without his preferences and prejudices; yet with them all Mr. Freeman was the leader of English writers of history in these days of ours; and we doubt not that it would take the learning of a century to discredit the prime position of his authority. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"No thinking minister can stand up before a company of young men without a strong wish to be plain spoken and to come straight to the point. . . . Their [the sermons] real aim is nothing less than to help people to be good, which is the hardest and finest thing in the world." These words we quote from

<sup>1</sup> William George Ward and the Catholic Revival. By Wilfrid Ward. Macmillan & Co., New York. 8vo

the preface to *Straight Sermons to Young Men and other Human Beings, Preached Before the Universities of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton* by Henry Van Dyke, D.D., pastor of the Brick Church, New York. The sermons are plain in form, intelligible in language, and ethical in concept; but as we read them over carefully we questioned whether they were adjusted to the mental attitude of the average young man not a Christian. The first sermon, we should say, is so adapted; about the others we have our doubts. Back of them lies some theory which is not made clear and rational. This we feel rather than discern, and we think that the ordinary young man who had the advantage of a course of training under Dr. Van Dyke may have felt the same. In all of them there are certain fundamental propositions of theology which are taken, as, indeed, they must be taken, for granted. These ideas hinder, we think, these sermons from going "straight" to the mind and heart of some sorts of "young men and other human beings." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

It is clear from the *Papers of the American Society of Church History*, of which Vol. V. lies before us, that a specially excellent work is being done through the medium of that society; work which would hardly be demanded in any other way. The present volume, besides containing a report of the annual meeting and similar details of the organization, publishes some valuable papers, among which we may mention a bibliography of works on Church History which have appeared in 1892, compiled by the Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Jackson; also an extremely erudite study into the Absolution Formula of the Templars, by Dr. Henry C. Lea. Professor Walker's paper on the Influence of the Mathers in the Religious Development of New England displays careful preparation and warm appreciation of its subject; while Dr. Chambers' review of Holland and Religious Freedom evinces an ingenuous candor. The essay of the Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D.D., glances at Protestantism in Italy in a paper under the title, "The Italian Renaissance of To-Day." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

In 1845 Mr. Lowell published a volume of *Conversations on the Old Poets*, which appeared in a revised edition a year later, but has now been out of print for many years. In his lectures on the Old English Poets, delivered in 1887, and published after his death, he speaks of the *Conversations* as a rare book, and talks about it as if he had almost forgotten its contents. This volume has now been republished by David McKay, of Philadelphia, and, although the work of Mr. Lowell's youth is full of his insight, his rare power of characterization, and his felicity of style, the immaturity of a man of twenty-five dealing with such difficult themes is apparent. Still the book justifies the comment of the London "Spectator" as possessing "the freshness of youthful delight," and that is a great and rare quality.

The old Spanish "missions" of California have been described and pictured by various writers and artists, but never better than in the collection of photogravures, with explanatory and historical notes, which has just been published by W. K. Vickery, of San Francisco. As all San Franciscans and all fortunate visitors to San Francisco know, Mr. Vickery is a lover and promoter of the best art as well as a publisher and seller of works of art, and this portfolio is a witness to his skill and taste of which he need not be ashamed. Travelers to the Pacific Coast will find it an admirable souvenir of a California visit—*The Spanish Missions of Alta California*. (W. K. Vickery, 224 Post Street, San Francisco.)

General Nathaniel Greene, of the Continental army, was a man whose chief characteristic was the genius of a fine common sense, and this has made him to be called great. His descendant, Francis Vinton Greene, has displayed the characteristic trait of his ancestor in the moderation and care with which he has written for the "Great Commander" series a *Life of General Greene* (D. Appleton & Co., New York). One seldom meets with such candor and calm discrimination in the work of a family annalist, and if Mr. Greene has sinned at all in his carefully written biography, it is in underrating rather than overrating the subject of his history.

*Tasks by Twilight*, by Abbot Kinney, is a work on education which goes down to the very root of the question. It treats of all the aspects of the matter—mental, moral, and physical—in a strong and fearless fashion. While it is modest, it is also outspoken about subjects which it is better should be known before it is too late. The chapters on the "Education of Girls" and on "Diet" are especially good. The style of the writer is excellent, and the book is easy to read. We unhesitatingly commend it to the attention of parents, teachers, and all who have the charge of rearing children. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The lover of flowers finds a feast of delicious things for the mind in *Recreations in Botany*, by Caroline A. Creevey (Har-

per Brothers, New York), which contains curious information about the ways and manner of plants, queer facts in the process of their evolution, highly important news about their nuptials, and all the charming details concerning their domestic life. We are told even about their diet and their promenades. In addition some practical advice is given us about the outfit one needs if fired with an enthusiasm to go botanizing.

We can do no more than to call the attention of our readers who are interested in the matter to *The Dynamo: Its Theory, Design, and Manufacture*, by C. C. Hawkins and F. Wallis (New York, Macmillan & Co.). It is a complete book on the subject, and written in a plain manner. While it makes no claim to originality, it sums up all the latest knowledge of the subject, and is precisely the hand-book which is needed by students and engineers of dynamos.

## Literary Notes

—Rider Haggard's new novel, "Montezuma's Daughter," will be published in the autumn by Longmans, Green & Co, with illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

—General Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore, an ex-Confederate, has finished his biography of George Washington, and the book will soon be brought out by the Appletons.

—Professor Henry Drummond's work on "The Evolution of Man" is not to be published for another year, in order that he may have time for further reflection upon some phases of the theme.

—By arrangement with Mr. Dent, the London publisher, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of this city will issue an attractive but inexpensive edition of Miss Edgeworth's novels, in twelve volumes, at \$1 each.

—The London "Athenæum" says: "There is an idea of publishing a selection from the letters of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, and his family would be grateful if friends who possess such letters would forward them to Mr. G. W. Russell, to the care of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden. The owners may depend upon the letters being safely returned to them after copies have been made."

—Andrew Lang declares that of all literary forgeries the one which "was best led up to" was the pseudo Waverley novel "Moredun"—the manuscript brought out in 1855 by E. de Saint Maurice Cabany, "Directeur-General de la Societe des Archivistes de France." The story which this man told concerning the manuscript was, says Mr. Lang, most cleverly put together, and his dates were accurate beyond question. But "Moredun" bears not a trace of Scott's style.

—Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of the late Professor Richard A. Proctor, is making arrangements to give a series of lectures on astronomy for children all over the country during the coming season. The course consists of three lectures for children, entitled "The Goblins in Starland," "The Stories of the Stars," and "Giant Sun and His Family." She will also deliver a lecture specially suitable for Normal Schools, on "How to Teach Astronomy to Children."

—Mr. Whittier's literary executor contradicts a published statement that the poet, when disgusted by the publication of the Carlyle correspondence, destroyed all of his own correspondence with his friends that he could obtain. To this executor Mr. Whittier intrusted, about a dozen years ago, several portfolios filled with valuable material, including many letters from distinguished authors and statesmen. Whatever passages in these papers he wished to have eliminated he pointed out to Mr. Pickard, and in the preparation of the forthcoming volumes strict attention has been paid to his wishes. Many hundreds of interesting letters will be found in these volumes—among them a number of the poet's early letters to Dr. Channing, Mrs. Sigourney, and Jonathan Law.

## Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK  
Champfleury. Translated by W. H. Bishop. *The Faience Violin*. 75 cts.  
PHILIP COWEN, NEW YORK  
Daly, Charles P., LL.D. *The Settlement of the Jews in North America*.  
GEORGE H. ELLIS, BOSTON  
Crooker, Joseph Henry. *The New Bible and Its New Uses*. \$1.  
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK  
Wallace, Lew. *The Prince of India*. 2 vols.  
LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON  
King, Edward. *Joseph Zalmomah*. (A novel.) 50 cts.  
Dole, Nathan Haskell. *Not Angels Quite*. \$1.25.  
Sumner, Charles. *The True Grandeur of Nations*. 75 cts.  
UNDERHILL & NICHOLS, BUFFALO  
Howells, W. D. Mark Twain, Prof. Nathaniel S. Shaler, and others. *The Niagara Book*. \$1.25.  
THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK  
Brooks, Rev. Arthur. *The Life of Christ in the World*. (Sermons.) 50 cts.  
Kenney, Minnie E. *Mother's Bedtime Tales*. 75 cts.  
Yechton, Barbara. *Little Saint Hilary and other stories*. 60 cts.

## With Our Readers

### I.—Correspondence

#### A Summer School

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

The school at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, under the auspices of the International Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, closed its twelve day session on July 17. In a spot selected for its unusual beauty, a hundred and fifty delegates assembled, and twenty-five or thirty friends and visitors. This was the third summer school held at this place under these auspices, and for the first time delegates were sent from Texas, Colorado, and California.

There were representatives from the following colleges and universities: Smith, Wellesley, Cornell, Leland Stanford, Jr., North Western, and the State universities of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas. The daily morning conference upon missions, under the leadership of Miss Elisabeth Wilson, one of the International secretaries, resulted in seven of the delegates signing the Student Volunteer Pledge. The missionary life was made very real by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Wishard, who have recently made a tour of the mission fields around the world in the interests of Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. Each morning, under the leadership of Miss E. K. Price, the general secretary of the associations, the delegates were given practical suggestions for work among young women, and also ideals of womanhood were presented which awakened desires for braver and holier living. The afternoons were devoted to recreation or study, and the evenings to addresses from specially invited speakers. G.

#### A Correction

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

A paragraph in your paper of last week was a surprise to me, and I read it several times to be sure I had understood it correctly. You quote Bishop Newman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as saying that that denomination is the only one among Protestants to sustain missions in the South American countries. I have no disposition to underestimate the work of the Methodists, but we Presbyterians feel that if Bishop Newman had kept his eyes very wide open he might have seen some representatives from our regiment of the Protestant army down there. Speaking for the Woman's Board alone, I may say in brief that we have missions in over a dozen places in Brazil, Chile and Columbia, with about twenty-five women missionaries. With such men, too, as Dr. Chamberlain in Brazil, and Dr. Allis in Chile, the Presbyterians cannot be accused of neglecting our next-door neighbors in South America.

ELIZABETH ELLIOT,  
President Woman's Foreign Missionary Society  
of the Presbytery of New York.

### II.—Notes and Queries

I noticed some time ago in *The Outlook* reference to Dr. Paton's appeal on the subject of the rum traffic in South Sea Islands. (1) In a Government like ours what is the authority to deal with this matter? In a Government like that of England one can see where the authority lies. We believe there must be a way to meet all such cases in our system of government, but do not see where it lies. (2) Will there be any likelihood of an appeal from the churches doing any good? E. A. H.

1. Our Government cannot deal with it, except by urging an international treaty prohibiting such traffic and refusing to permit its own subjects to engage in it. 2. In the far distant future, yes.

Will you give me the name of one or more books which will give a sketch of the life and environments of the Old Testament prophets. I want to live in the times that they lived in, and find the secrets of their life and message. W. G.

"The Book of Isaiah," by Professor George Adam Smith, is the best that there is concern-

ing Isaiah. Professor W. Robertson Smith's "Prophets of Israel," new edition, covers the whole ground more succinctly. Canon Rawlinson's "Lives and Times of the Kings of Israel and Judah" is a condensed sketch, but graphic.

Will you kindly refer to some good book against the Anglican doctrine of apostolical succession. Not anything very deep, if possible, but rather something readable. Was there not a sermon of Dr. Abbott's published within a year or so on this subject in *The Outlook*? A. E. H.

By far the best thing on this subject is the brief course of lectures by the late Dr. Hatch, of Oxford, on "The Organization of the Early Christian Churches." The Scribners have published in a pamphlet Professor G. P. Fisher's "Duddeian Lecture," which deals with modern bearings of the dogma.

Can you either give me information on the following points, or direct me to such information: 1. The number of the paragraphs in the Old Testament and the number in the New. 2. The number of words and sentences in the Old Testament and the number in the New. The King James version is meant.

We have seen the facts inquired for, but have forgotten where. We cannot commend the disposition which devoted time and effort to the acquisition of such utterly useless information.

Please name some books from which a correct understanding of the much-discussed coinage and tariff questions may be had. S.

Taussig's "Silver Situation in the United States;" Representative Bryan's speech on silver, August 16, 1893; Taussig's "Tariff History of the United States."

Several correspondents send us the rhymes which a correspondent lately asked us to reprint. No one seems to know the author's name. The rhymes are as follows:

#### THE TIRED OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman who always was tired,  
She lived in a house where no help was hired,  
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going  
Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning nor sewing;  
And everything there will be just to my wishes;  
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes,  
And though there the anthems are constantly ringing,  
I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,  
For I'm going to do nothing, forever and ever."

1. Can any one tell me where I can find a poem which speaks of a monk who wanders from his convent on a summer's day into the heart of a great wood? There he hears the wonderful singing of a bird, and listens in ecstasy for, he supposes, a single moment. But when he goes back to his convent all is changed and strange, and he sees no familiar faces; for in that one moment of joy forty years have passed. I should like to know of any writing, either in prose or verse, which dwells upon this idea of the unnoticed passing of what we call time while the soul is rapt in joy. 2. Where can I find the verses of which I give one stanza below? I have seen but three stanzas, but of course there may be more. Who is the author?

"Like as a father, when his children weary  
In the dim path he knows so straight and plain,  
Pities their sorrows, knows how sad and dreary  
Life seems to them, yet leads them on again."

M. N. P.

I should be glad to find the author of the following lines:

"We still believe, for still we hope  
That in some world of larger scope  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be accomplished, not undone."

G. W. C.

In answer to A. B. M., the author of the poem is Robert Browning, *an American*, and not *the* Robert Browning. Who the former is is not generally known. A. E. S.

—The smallest tree in Great Britain grows on the summit of Ben Lomond. It is the dwarf willow, which is mature when it attains the height of two inches.

—The exhibit of the Palestine Exploration Fund at the Exposition includes the new raised map on which Secretary George Armstrong has labored so long. With the issue of this map the Fund completes its survey and its cartographical task, and will hereafter devote itself especially to excavation. The exhibit is in the southwest gallery of the Manufactures Building, at B 40. Many excavated objects are shown in cases.

**Cleveland's Baking Powder**  
Absolutely the Best

is made of pure ingredients,  
that is why it is wholesome.

**Cleveland's Baking Powder**  
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is scientifically compounded,  
that is why it is strong.

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it better than any other.  
Reasons enough why you  
should buy

**Cleveland's Baking Powder**  
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#### A College Centennial

The centennial anniversary of Williams College will be observed on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, October 8, 9, 10, 1893. The general order of the public services at Williamstown, Mass., will be as follows:

October 8, A.M., Sunday, 10:30 o'clock.—Church services, the Rev. Robert R. Booth, D.D., '49, New York City, presiding. Sermon on "The Connection of Religion and Education" by the Rev. Henry Hopkins, D.D., '58, Kansas City, Mo.

October 8, P.M., Sunday, 3 o'clock.—A conference on "The Relation of the Modern College to Applied Christianity," the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., '72, Brooklyn, N.Y., presiding. Addresses by the Rev. John Bascom, D.D., LL.D., '49, Williamstown; the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., '38, New York City; the Rev. William M. Grosvenor, M.A., '85, Lenox; the Rev. Adolphus F. Schaffler, D.D., '67, New York City; the Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D.D., '54, New York City; the Rev. George A. Ford, '72, Sidon, Syria.

October 9, A.M., Monday, 10 o'clock.—An educational conference, President G. Stanley Hall, LL.D., '67, Clark University, presiding. Addresses by Dean Henry P. Judson, LL.D., '70, Chicago University; Principal James C. Greenough, M.A., '60, Massachusetts Normal School; Dean Edward H. Griffin, D.D., LL.D., '62, Johns Hopkins University; Chancellor Francis H. Snow, LL.D., '62, University of Kansas; Professor Charles Gross, Ph.D., '78, Harvard University; Professor Truman Henry Safford, Ph.D., Williams College.

October 9, P.M., Monday, 2:30 o'clock.—Field sports by the students of the College on Weston Field. 4:30 o'clock.—Afternoon teas in Hopkins Hall, the Library, and the Thompson Laboratories. Music on the Campus by the Germania Band. Evening.—Reception of the President and Trustees at Lasell Gymnasium.

October 10, A.M., Tuesday, 10:30 o'clock.—Hon. Martin I. Townsend, LL.D., '33, Troy, N.Y., presiding. The Historical Address by Chancellor James H. Canfield, M.A., '68, University of Nebraska. 12 o'clock.—Banquet, President Franklin Carter, LL.D., '62, presiding. Responses by invited guests. Music by the Germania Band and the Troy Vocal Society.

### While in the War

I was taken ill with spinal disease and rheumatism. I went home and was confined to my bed, unable to help myself for 22 months. After great effort, I was able to get up and started to work at the machinist's trade. I was not well, and a companion machinist advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I got a bottle and could quickly note a change for the better. I continued, and after taking seven bottles I was well and have not since been troubled with

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

my old complaints."—JAMES A. WHEELER,  
1900 Division Street, Baltimore, Md.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

# Recreation Department The Outlook

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Aug. 22, Sept. 12, & Oct. 10, 1893,



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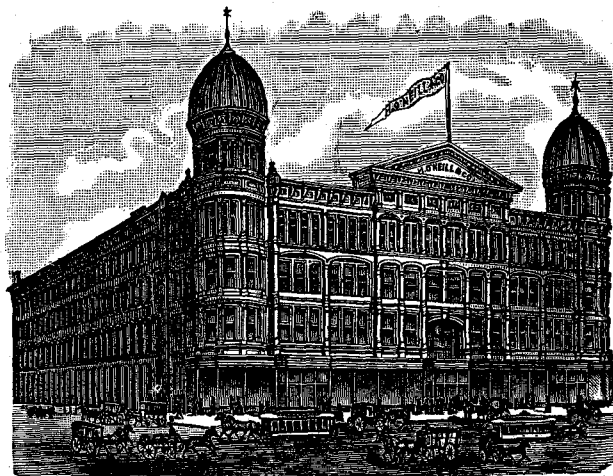
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## Financial

The rates for money in the call money market continue reasonable. They have ranged from 3 per cent. to 6 per cent. and close at about 4 per cent.—but time money is still difficult to negotiate, although it is said that some of the trust companies have made a few loans of this character, and that the banks are, some of them, giving more accommodation to merchants. The fact is that some of the large merchants are carrying along many smaller ones, and in one or two instances the former have had to appeal to the banks—during the week past—to help them through with their load. The whole situation, so far as time loans for brokers and discounts for merchants are concerned, is embraced in the fact that rates are abnormally high, and are so expensive that a long continuance of them would be ruinous. Yet there is no doubt that large volumes of paper and of collateral loans are being carried at high rates. The repeal of the Sherman law will at once take away the distrust among foreign capitalists, and, after a short time, will draw large orders from abroad for our securities, causing another influx of gold in payment; for the moment the Englishman and European realize that there can be no drop to a silver basis, the popularity of American shares and bonds in foreign markets will assert itself. After this movement of foreign buying is fairly under way, our banks will begin to take in their issue of Clearing-House certificates, and to freely pay out currency; this will tend to draw hoarded funds from their hiding-places, and the Savings banks and other depositories will again be flooded with deposits. Meantime, the period for the crop movement, with its money stringency, is made more serious by the money lock-up, and every device must be resorted to to raise funds for this essential thing.

The crop prospects are a factor in our present situation; the best estimates that can be made give us a wheat crop of about four hundred to four hundred and fifty millions bushels, with a very large surplus over from 1892. The rains of the past week have enhanced the good prospects for the corn crop, which, it is estimated, may yield from 1,700,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 bushels. This favorable outlook for corn is felt by the railways which traverse our great Western corn States, and makes their managers feel confident about coming earnings; in the meantime railway earnings are showing up poorly owing to the great business depression and contraction, but the hope is general that this condition is temporary.

The bond market is higher at the close of the week, after being low and demoralized during the earlier part of the time. The stock market, on the contrary, is strong, although a dull, waiting market pending Congressional action on silver.

The bank statement is as follows:

|                              |             |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| Loans, decrease.....         | \$2,932,800 |
| Specie, increase.....        | 4,578,100   |
| Legal tenders, increase..... | 774,400     |
| Deposits, increase.....      | 177,500     |
| Reserve, increase.....       | 5,308,125   |

This leaves the city banks with a deficit in reserve of about \$7,000,000. Some \$7,000,000 gold or more has arrived during the week, with other large sums on the way.

WALL STREET.

## FINANCIAL

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CASH CAPITAL \$500,000 00  
Reserve for Reinsurance and all other claims 2,541,873 61  
Surplus over all Liabilities 141,428 86  
TOTAL ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1893,  
\$3,183,302.47

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By

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IN 10 WEEKS

## Old-Time Marriage Customs in New England

Marriage celebrations and marriage customs followed in the New World many of the customs of the Old World. Sack-posset, the drink of Shakespeare's time, a rich, thick concoction of boiled ale, eggs and spices, was drunk at New England weddings, as we learn from the pages of Judge Sewall's diary; but it did not furnish a very gay wassail, for the Puritan posset-drinking was preceded and followed by the singing of a psalm—and such a psalm! a long, tedious, drawing performance from the Bay Psalm Book.

The bride and groom and bridal party walked in a little procession to the meeting-house on the Sabbath following the marriage. We read in the Sewall diary of a Sewall bride thus "coming out," or "walking-out bride," as it was called in Newburyport. Cotton Mather thought it expedient to thus make public with due dignity the marriage. In some communities the attention of the interested public was further drawn to the new-married couple in what seems to us a very comic fashion. On the Sabbath following the wedding the gaily dressed bride and groom occupied a prominent seat in the gallery of the meeting-house, and in the middle of the sermon they rose and slowly turned around to display complacently on every side their wedding finery. In Larned's "History of Windham County, Conn.," we read a description of such a scene in Brooklyn, Conn. Further attention was paid to the bride by allowing her to choose the text for the sermon preached on the first Sunday of the coming-out of the newly married couple. Much ingenuity was exercised in finding appropriate and unusual Bible texts for these wedding sermons. The instances are well known of the marriage of Parson Smith's two daughters, one of whom selected the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part;" while the daughter Abby, who married John Adams, decided upon the text, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." This latter ingenious and curious choice has given rise to an incorrect notion that the marriage of Abigail Smith with John Adams was distasteful to her father and her family. Mr. Charles Francis Adams tells me that this supposition is entirely unfounded, and that old President Adams would fairly rise in his grave to denounce any such slander, should it become current.—*American Folk-Lore Journal*.

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## About People

—Sir Henry Bessemer, the renowned inventor, now in his eightieth year, is said to be writing his autobiography.

—It is stated that at the next meeting of the Dartmouth College Trustees Professor A. S. Hardy will resign his place as professor of mathematics. Professor Hardy wishes to give up teaching to devote his whole time to travel and literary pursuits.

—Eugene Field says in an interview printed in "McClure's Magazine:" "I'm going to write a sentimental life of Horace. We know mighty little of him, but what I don't know I'll make up. I'll write such a life as he must have lived. The life we all live when boys."

—Dr. T. Hayward Hayes, the Surgeon-General of the Siamese Army, is a Baltimorean. He went to Siam several years ago as a Presbyterian missionary. His skill as a physician attracted the attention of the King, and he now receives a salary of \$7,000 a year.

—There are two Chinese girls studying medicine in the University of Michigan, who mean to return to their country as missionaries. They have exchanged their Chinese names for those of Mary Stone and Ada Kahn. There are three young Chinese men also studying medicine in that same institution.

—The Duchess d'Uzes has a very remarkable pack of hounds. It is composed of just one hundred dogs, all exactly alike to the eye of the ordinary observer, for they are all white, with brown spots. Their mistress, however, can readily distinguish them, and she looks after them as carefully as a colonel after the soldiers in his command.

—"Four generations of one branch of the Lincoln family met at the home of Marvin Lincoln, in Malden, Mass., a few days ago," says the New York "Times." "The oldest one present was eighty years old, and the youngest five months. There was one great-grandfather and one great-grandmother, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, three fathers, four mothers, one brother and two sisters of the last-named generation, and nineteen other minor relatives."

—Professor E. E. Barnard has returned to the Lick Observatory from his European trip, bearing the gold medal awarded to him by the French Academy of Science, as the Leland prize for the greatest discovery of the year in astronomy, this being the discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He talks enthusiastically of the European observatories he saw and the great astronomers he met, but still contends that they have no instruments superior to ours, and that America leads the world in the science of astronomy.

—Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the Philadelphia archaeologist, is supposed, says the New York "Tribune," to know more about Indian antiquities and languages than anybody else in America. He can converse with fluency in Choctaw, Muskogee, Natchez, Maya, Quiche, Arawack, and other soft-sounding dialects; but is at the disadvantage of being rarely able to find a person accomplished enough to talk with him in those tongues. Dr. Brinton was the first to classify the tribes of American Indians by their languages, and he has read all that is discoverable of their literature.

### Blundering Teachers

A letter in the Boston "Transcript" says that the New York "World" editorially notices the endowment of a newspaper reading-room in the Boston Public Library, and extravagantly extols the daily newspaper as a mighty engine of "education and mental training." On this same editorial page of the "World" the misinformation is given that the distance from Berlin to Vienna is 150 miles. A person who should arrange for a trip from Berlin to Vienna on the basis of New York "World" education would be vexed with his teacher before he reached his journey's end. On the editorial page of the New York "Tribune" of this morning the first thing is an announcement that "To-day is the anniversary of the so-called Augsburg Confession, 463 years ago." Suppose both of these to be typographical errors, how can persons who think they are getting education on those points know that

they are errors of any sort? A typographical error gives false information as effectually as an error of ignorance does; and by the "Tribune's" error the learner is set one hundred years out of the true path of history.

And what habits of expression are the newspaper-educated people getting? This same New York "World" of to-day has an article beginning, "With the death of Edwin Booth has died a great figure." With the death of a man he usually does die, figure and all. But there may be royal sanction for it; the Prince of Wales is said to have thanked a certain guild for the reception he had received. And here is the New York "Herald" of this same day, having on its editorial page one of its own office-written notices of certain steamers on the Rhine, which, it says, "have now commenced running for the season between Cologne and Mayence and vice versa." What is the vice versa of "between"? And the "World" mentions "the Rio Grande River," and the Utica "Herald" tells of "the Sierra Nevada Mountains." They might as well say the River Grande River and the Mountains Nevada Mountains. But then half the newspapers in the country speak of the French line steamers as "the La Touraine," "the La Champagne," etc. It was some months after the grip appeared that some quite respectable newspapers got educated out of calling it "the la grippe," and in the New York "World" a few days ago the great theater at Milan was "the La Scala." It matters not that some of these blunders, verbal and otherwise, were copied into this or that one of the New York papers from contemporaries; it rather makes it worse. But there they are, so much newspaper education. Next I take up this morning's New York "Sun," and in its article on "Certain Features of New York" I see the passage, "two principal bridges, one at where Bridge Street now is." The writer of it may still be wondering what is wrong in the phrase, "Where are we at?" The New York "Times" of not so recent date editorially says that "Texas was wrested from Mexico" in our war with that country. The education so given out tells nothing—for its writer knew nothing—of Texas as an independent nation for ten years before our war with Mexico.

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## Bits of Fun

After all, the difference between a true-hearted girl and a flirt is only trifling.—*Troy Press.*

A short history of China: A seven-dollar tea-cup and a three-dollar servant-girl.—*Washington Star.*

"That remains to be seen," as the boy said when he spilt the ink on the tablecloth.—*London Answers.*

"What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "Ah?" "And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—*Sketch.*

A young lady said to her dressmaker: "If women are ever allowed to vote, what do you suppose will be the fashion for voting-dresses?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Brush—So you're going to give up art and study medicine, eh? Pencil—Yes, it's easier to be a doctor; you don't have to bother about anatomy.—*Life.*

It is interesting and somewhat disquieting to note how much more identification it takes to cash a check than it does to get lynched.—*Washington Star.*

Rescuer—"Hurry! Quick! Throw her a life preserver." Drowning Girl—"Haven't you—a—white—one? That—dirty—drab—doesn't—match—my—blue—suit."—*Puck.*

Assistant—Who is this Professor Smith that is to speak at the banquet this evening? City Editor—Don't know; just refer to him as the "well-known Professor Smith."—*Raymond's Monthly.*

Truly, Job was a patient creature! Doubtless it was in the dry-goods store that he murmured to himself, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gus De Smith—Well, Tom, I hear you eloped with a rich girl. Was it a success? Tom Fewscads—Not altogether. Her father telegraphed that he will forgive us if we don't come back.—*Texas Siftings.*

Emeline—I'm awfully afraid I've offended Archie. Annabel—In what way? Emeline—I broke our engagement and forgot to tell him about it until I'd given it out to the society papers.—*Chicago Record.*

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass. Little Dick—I s'pose when they is young the mother cows keeps sayin' to their childrens, "If you don't eat grass, you sha'n't have any pie."—*Good News.*

Dealer—This is the best parrot we have; but I wouldn't sell him without letting you know his one fault; he'll grumble terribly if his food doesn't suit him. Miss Prime—I'll take him. It will seem like having a man in the house.—*Wonder.*

A Detroit man who doesn't worry greatly over burglars, but who does worry over the fact that the house he lives in isn't paid for, was roused from his slumbers the other night by his wife. "What is it?" he asked drowsily. "Sh-sh," she whispered, "burglars." "Where?" "On the house. I heard them walking over the roof. There! listen!" He listened and turned over. "Well, my dear," he said yawning, "there's nothing on the house but the mortgage, and the Lord knows they can take that off if they want it. Let's go to sleep and not disturb them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## English Pronunciation

To say "libel" instead of label, or "stroick" instead of strike, would be, says a writer in "Chambers' Journal," to acknowledge ourselves to be of cockney origin; nevertheless, all the world over Thames becomes "Tems." We sound Greenwich as if it were "Grinige," while Woolwich correspondingly becomes "Woollige," and then we pride ourselves upon speaking the queen's English correctly, although, perhaps, we really do speak grammatically, even in the face of these apparent blun-

ders, for what is grammar but the official recognition of custom with regard to speech? Yet in all this we give strong grounds for disciples of phonography to base their arguments upon. It is doubtless to save time and trouble that Cirencester is abbreviated into "Cicester," Willesden into "Willsden," Sydenham into "Sydnam," Woolfardisworthy into "Woolsery." Brithemstone is a thing of the past, for when that little Sussex village expanded itself into the dimensions of a town, it equalized matters by contracting its name into "Brighton." But even when we meet with a short and seemingly simple word like Derby we must needs sound the "e" as if it were an "a" and say "Darby," nor is the reason apparent why the country of Shropshire should be sometimes converted into "Salop," nor Barnstable into "Barum." For brevity's sake we write "Wilts," "Yorks," "Berks," instead of Wiltshire, Yorkshire and Berkshire—which last named, by the way, following the before mentioned lead of Derby, metamorphoses itself into "Barkshire." In a similar manner "Harford" or "Hartford" represents Hertford. Salisbury is pronounced "Salusberry," and the favorite termination for the name of a town, burg, is sounded as if written "burror," thus expanding the word by a more inexplicable process than that by which Jack Tar calls a helm a "hellum." Baidgeworthy water, a stream figuring somewhat prominently in "Lorna Doone," is locally called "Badgery water, while in the neighboring county of Somerset an obscure little village with the rather ambiguous title of Bathealton is invariably known as "Battletown," and Newport (Isle of Wight) becomes "Nipput" in the language of Wessex. Such changes are not altogether surprising in localities where traditional names are intrusted to the keeping of a semi-educated peasantry, but surely we are entitled to expect more care and consideration in the great centers of learning. However, as a matter of fact, we are disappointed in this respect, even in our universities—at least as regards the names of colleges—for at Oxford we have Magdalen pronounced "Maudlin," while at Cambridge Caius becomes "Keys."

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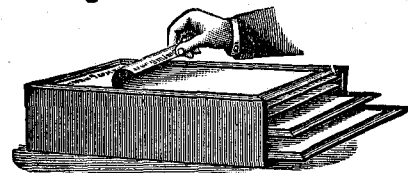
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